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UNIVERSITY VERSES

Invocation

The G. U. M., the G. U. M.!
Where inky bards have often sung;
Its scribes for nothing give a dem,
The Editor is still unhung;
And all good Christians will regret
The Staff at large is roaming yet.

Authorship Fiercely Disputed.

University Verses

A Collection of Verse from

The Glasgow University Magazine 1903–1910

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OH!

INTRODUCTION BY PROFESSOR PHILLIMORE

WILLIAM HODGE AND COMPANY

GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH

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INTRODUCTION

Orator ad vos venio ornatu Prologi

Some have complained you cannot now gain entry
To any book but first you pass the sentry,
The prostrate body of some fell prefacemonger
Barring the door. I thought like that, when younger.
Let even the humble prefacemonger dare
To make apology for being there.
Professed Humanity, vain Complaisance, loth
To speak a big round No? Well, more than both—
There was a night, a night in PARVUS' *flat,*
When many Poets sang, or spoke, or . . . sat;
And one who felt, not helped, the general joy,
Yet 'scaped the fate of the Little Tailor Boy,
In the awkward rôle of Prologue now appears
And pays his shot, long owing, with arrears.

There be two sorts of reader. Some like prose;
And some—their eye with native preference goes
Where (sure as mutes and plumes proclaim the hearse)
Inset and queer-set type announces Verse.
This book (a cheap and dainty New Year's gift)
Is all in Verse—a lute without a rift.
SCHWENK, MERWING, KNOKU—*could one preface these*
With wads of non-conductor journalese?
Who, in HOME CHAT *or* BRITISH WEEKLY, *who,*
In GOLF, *the* WORLD, *the* STOCK EXCHANGE REVIEW

727C29

(Besides the petticoated souls that find
Long years induce a SPECTATORIAL *mind)*
Does not prefer, in his more genial season,
Verse that has rhyme to Prose that has no reason?
The rule is true for all but daily papers,
A field where Alfred cuts his laureate capers.

It must be Verse that Prologue tries his craft at.
We'll cap the old Moral Wheeze that Flaccus laughed at:
*"*THE SAGE IS KING.*" Poets alone are Sages!*
And if you doubt it read the following pages.
Eleven-score pages here (they've counted them)
Epitomize the copious G. U. M.
Here are the most essential and the sweetest
Honeys that thou, O chronic Bee, secretest.
Need I present them one by one, bestow
A capping compliment on each? You know
The LAW *has pungent wits; no need to warn ye*
CAURNIE *the Poet now is Doctor . . .* CAURNIE.
What Food that forks can fix, or knives can carve us,
Outwits the Archestratean muse of PARVUS?
In T. L. D. *we hear the Lesbian note*
Still bubbling from the parson-collared throat.
Favour the SQUID; *or if you do not favour*
MAVOR *the Bard, beware of the Artist* MAVOR.
And so for all the Twenty-one: there's plenty
To say—but think of x times one-and-twenty!

Reader, peruse this book, and you'll peruse
Both a Didactic and Recording Muse.
Here shall the curious stranger, unacquainted
With Glasgow as she is or as she's painted
(Taking a very Scottish blend for guide—
The humorous with the lyric zest allied)

From Maryhill to far Mount Florida, learn
The wet and dry of the Town of Kentigern.
The million-peopled pack at random dealt,
Shuffling the Scandinavian with the Celt,
This book portrays, interprets, recommends;
Makes City and River, types and scenes, your friends.
The College spire tops all the City, come,
Except the sooty vane of Tennant's lum.
You cannot view this world through better eyes
Than such as youth makes clear and love makes wise.

Freshman, as yet too young to sing or speak,
Dip here the virgin Yellow of thy Beak,
Observe how well thy Seniors know the Town,
Engraft their Laurels on thy callow crown!
They judge, approve, condemn, or overlook:
All is not Precept in this various book.
Distinguish Precept from the Facts they state
(One may depict a Fact, yet deprecate),
The Awful Example from the Shining Ditto,
Hoc recte *from* sic est *and* prætermitto.
So shalt thou gain (whate'er thine age or nation)
A (College) Liberal (co-) Education.

Didactic though to the Alien and the Fresh,
This book (when we have paid the debt of flesh)
Shall prove a chronicle for the aftertimes:
They shall unearth our manners from our rhymes—
What beer the Student had, or felt the lack o',
What pipe rejoiced his lips and what tobacco,
What he was proud, or fond, or scornful of,
Landlady, janitor, policeman, prof.,
Whose feet the Union stairs did most resound to,
And who it was they led the Blind Ones round to,

What stars the Comet found i' the College heaven
When George the Fifth succeeded Edward VII.

. . . . . .

Peace, ere we rouse old Blackie from his grave!
A Southron born, and Oxford bred, behave
As though he had been bred and born in Glesca,
And patronize the Scottish Studentesca!

. . . . . .

Superfluous showman of the favourite Troupe
(Bowing as low as middle age can stoop),
Prologue concludes, withdraws, regains his shelf,
And leaves the Book to justify itself. J. S. P.

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The Glasgow Undergraduate at College

PATHOLOGICAL LINES

We rarely patronised the dingy hall
(Edward and I, who took the class last autumn),
For thoughtful friends would opportunely call
Our silky *adsum* in the way we taught 'em;
Which saved us hours for cordial communion
With kindred spirits in the genial Union.

When Conscience (generally comatose)
Rose up and metaphorically whipt us,
We'd roost upon the roofmost of the rows,
Well primed with nicotine and eucalyptus,
While a grave man in unassuming sable
Explained the bottled horrors on the table.

Below us stretched the motley-minded crew,
The listless slackers and the swots pathetic,
The meek maid medical whom Edward knew,
And more than once referred to as "æsthetic."
Alas! in vain he flashed affection at her,
While unconcernedly she nosed the platter.

Then Eben, shrouded in Cimmerian gloom,
Like some diminutive and skilly wizard,
Would focus on the whitewash of the room
Entrancing views of Arran in a blizzard
(Which subsequently proved but views of Thoma
Concerning sundry points in atheroma).

We did not know where the museum lay,
Nor where the myrmidons with test-tubes hurried,
What Pasteur did, what Ehrlich had to say,
Were things o'er which we simply never worried—
At class exams. one *sometimes* can conjecture
The lesson of an unattended lecture.

The Ides of March saw all our fellows through,
But we postponed the ordeal till October;
Mid-August looked unqualifiedly blue,
September found us tamed, and staid, and sober;
Edward was weak, and I knew less than he did,
And yet we both came, saw, sat, swore, succeeded.

CAURNIE.

HEBREW

In classics I carried my bat in
  A manner distinctly unique,
Was a duly performer in Latin,
  And a glutton for gammas in Greek;
Then, wreathed with victorious roses,
  I decided on having a go
At the lingo and learning of Moses
                & Co.

But, although I've ta'en no end of bother
  Some acquaintance with Hebrew to get,
At this hour we're as strange to each other
  As we were on the morning we met;
Yet "strange" is in part a misnomer,
  And unfair both to Hebrew and me.
Just ask me the Scots for *vayyomer*
                And see.

Vayyomer! the sound of the word is
  To me as familiar and sweet
As the songs that unblest hurdie-gurdies
  Distort and destroy in the street.
Vayyomer! it rings through the ages
  Like a voice that I know for a friend's,
And in pith all the saws of the sages
                Transcends.

For the student who isn't a Datas
  The phrase with rich blessing is fraught;
'Tis a staff for the *nunquam paratus*,
  Though a stitch in the side of the swot.
Hence I, till the day I am quit of
  The need to read Hebrew at sight,
Will vote old *vayyomer* a bit of
                All right.

And again, when I'm late of a morning,
  And the prof., with more vigour than grace,
All traditional etiquette scorning,
  Has the class-room door shut in my face;
It is not that I care much, but only
  To be robbed of *vayyomer's* sweet wit
Makes me somehow or other feel lonely
                A bit.

No doubt the aforesaid professor
  Will deem me quixotic and queer,
But for me, an unbiassed assessor,
  Vayyomer's chief value lies here;
That while from my thought's silent sessions
  Hebrew words all vamoose like a shot,
Vayyomer, the queen of expressions,
                Does not.

T. L. D.

TO THE FRESHMAN

Good advice—and, in faith, you will need it
  Ye freshers that enter our gate—
From a chronic who knows you won't heed it
  Like himself at previous date.
For I weep that the shadows are o'er me,
  And November has clouded my June
(In a metre which Rudyard before me
  Has used to considerable tune).

I was young, I remember, when one day
  I arrived at this fair classic slope;
I was faithful at church then on Sunday,
  And conducted a small Band of Hope.
But, alas! I alone was unable
  To war with the Powers of the Dark
(And "insisting on seeing the label"
  Is certain to leave its trade mark).

So I fell; and the legions satanic
  Rejoiced when, in summer, they saw
How I lolled in the Gardens Botanic,
  Or beheld, when the winter was raw,
How in Cranston's, or Kiosk, or Cottage,
  I reclined in Elysian mirth,
And bartered my birthright for pottage,
  For now—what is all of it worth?

Was it Torchlight, or Smoker, or Dinner,
  Or Grad. or Rectorial address,
Then this youthful and promising sinner
  Was there in the midst of the mess.
Was the peeler on foot or on horseback,
  Pursuing by night or by day,
Then he never gave any a worse whack
  Than me, when I got in his way.

At many a fiery election
  (I remember me calling it "fun")
I've headed a warrior section
  And swallowed peasemeal by the ton.

Where the fight and the eggs were the thickest
  There I strove with victorious zest,
For my eye was the eye of the quickest
  And my hand was the hand of the best.

Oh! many a monthly remittance
  I've squandered on banker and whist,
Till now on a pitiful pittance
  I somehow contrive to exist.
On many a sweepstake enticing
  I've built me an airy chateau,
Till now I'm at last realising
  How vain are our dreams here below.

That's my past—though I fain would deny it.
  Now, freshers, take heed (which you won't),
And if ever you're tempted to try it,
  Take a well-wisher's counsel, and don't;
Choose the narrower path and eschew them,
  The despairs, the delusions, and debts,
And believe in a man that's come through them—
  A man that recalls and regrets.

CAURNIE.

THE MELANCHOLY OF ANATOMY

He was worn and sorrow-chiselled, and his nerves were overstrung,
He that erstwhile was a blithe and careless wight,
And his mien and gait were sadder than accords with one so young
As he sang this doleful plaint to me that night:

"Do you marvel at the Bedlam that outflashes from my eye?
Does my unkempt hair and jawbone give you pause?
Deem me not in love or liquor or in debt when thus I sigh,
But believe me that Anatomy's the cause.

"It is not that I am lazy, and you know I am not dull
(I'd a *proxime accessit* once in Arts);
But I'd rather face the Devil and his wife than swot the skull
Or expound *Erector Spinae* and its parts.

"I can point unpointed Hebrew by the acre or the ton,
I can tackle father Homer by the mile,
And Tacitus is easy—I can read him on the run—
And can trip through old Lucretius with a smile.

"The Hegelian Dialectic (taken daily after drinks)
Is a tit-bit that I wouldn't miss for gold,
And the Differential Calculus to any one that thinks
Will easily its mysteries unfold.

"There is method and there's music in a Kater's Pendulum
(I can sit for hours and gaze on it and check);
And the Germplasma Weismannian is anything but rum
When alongside of the vessels of the neck.

"O the skylark's airy matin that awakes the blushing dawn,
And the music of the moonlight on the sea,
Have lost their ancient sweetness, for my latest hope is gone
And the fiends that rule perdition wreak their reddest wrath on me.

"You have doubtless on your travels heard a Glasgow cabby swear
When you chanced by evil fortune in his path.
You have heard in live localities a love-feast on the stair—
Have you heard a Medico announce his wrath?"

He began—but soon I lost him in a mist of fiery hail,
Nor heard him for the sulphur and the soot;
And—they let him out next morning for a pretty heavy bail,
While the papers all described him as a brute.

CAURNIE.

NAMES

READER, observe the curious diversity
Of names which signify the University.
The embryonic, skull-capped "loonie,"
Nick-names that stately pile, the "Unie."
Ad nauseam—(to make you ill)—
The *News* alludes to "Gilmorehill."
The pale, be-windowed youth, exuding knowledge,
Can't understand unless you call it "College."
A taste in ties, and cerebellar sparsity,
Go with a penchant for the title "'Varsity."
The sporting man, so vocable and gay,
Will call it (minus swear-words)—"Up the way."
The chronic, with his apathetic crawl,
Declines to talk about the place at all.

THE SQUID.

A BALLADE OF 8 A.M.

It is somewhat strange that all
  Wise men, like myself, declare
Life is principally gall
  And this earth a shambles, where
  Fate with quite a lavish air
Swings about the tomahawk,
  And where each his cross must bear—
I've a class at eight o'clock.

Once I quietly home might crawl
  Long past midnight to my lair,
Rising when the sun was tall,
  Leisurely without a care.
  Now the missus on the stair
Drums her matutinal knock—
  I remember with despair,
I've a class at eight o'clock.

Still, whatever may befall,
  Every morning I repair
Hillwards to the wonted hall
  (Some have said I'm never there).
  Do you wonder at my hair
Dropping daily lock by lock,
  Or the furrowed brow I wear?
I've a class at eight o'clock.

  Princess, when you hear me swear
Words that give you quite a shock,
  Take my only plea and prayer.
"I've a class at eight o'clock!"

CAURNIE.

ITERUM NOS ADSUMUS

Again we come from Greenland's coral strand,
From esplanade and lawn, from hurst and heather,
Back to the same old muggy landscape and
The same old weather.

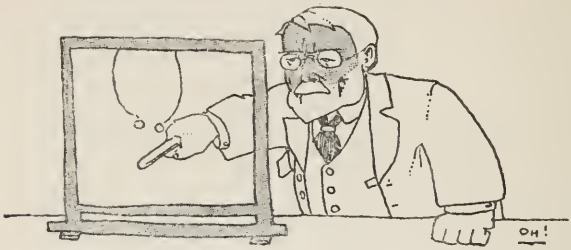
The Coll. itself is in the same old spot,
A red brick shanty added to its rental,
Doubtless as useful as the rest, though not
As ornamental.

Our life is in the sere and yellow leaf,
Although to look at us you'd scarce perceive it,
And vainly we essay to drown our grief
In old Glenlivet.

For Mathematics will confuse our brain,
And Union steaks will ruin our digestion,
And over-zealous Freshmen will explain
The Fiscal question.

Yet life is not quite undiluted ill;
As yet there's no necessity for sticking
Knives in our chest—the *G.U.M.* is still
Alive and kicking.

R. B.



THE CONJURER

'Tis his especial province to explain
  The subtle workings of the common peerie;
He studies spiral springs until his brain
  Is weary.

And as he makes the gay galvanic pith
  Performs a *pas de quatre* with weird precision
He can regard mere mortal conjurers with
  Derision.

His genial smile, amid the changing show
  Of dubious miracle and involved description,
Assures us there is absolutely no
  Deception.

Even when the gyrostat declines to work
  His guileless hand (as far 's we can discover)
Makes no perfidious attempt to jerk
  It over.

But still we're never sure when he will float
  Off to Orion on a half-tamed rocket,
Or bring a bowl of gold-fish from his coat-
  tail pocket.

The veriest sceptic could not but approve
  So worthy a successor to that eerie
But unassuming wizard, Michael of
  Balwearie.

R. B.

THE BONNIE WEE BONNET

The bonnie wee bonnet
  It always looks trim.
Both on chronics who don it
  And honoursmen prim,
When in Sauchie you swank,
'Tis the badge of your rank,
Telling people you've won it,
  Despite the prelim.
The bonnie wee bonnet,
  It always looks trim.

Merwing.

TO FINLAYSON ON HIS JANITORIAL MAJORITY

When as a rosy fresher, years ago,
I searched the 'Varsity from base to attics,
'Twas you who whispered, unctuously and low,
"This way, young gentleman, for Mathematics!"
And, Charon-like, convoyed my soul to—Bell,
Who loaded it with "Piles of Shot and Shell."

As time rolled on, a weary course I plied
(Soft-option hunting makes the passage rougher),
Mere flotsam on the academic tide
(We had no Duff to supervise the Duffer);
But ever, like a sign-post in a thicket,
Your grin consoled me when I lost a ticket.

And when, in later years, I ceased to care,
And would not sacrifice a fourth potato
To hear Prof. Smart discourse on *laisser faire*,
Or lose a rasher over Jones on Plato,
Your look of mild reproach was e'er the omen,
You'd post the pass lists minus my cognomen.

These were the days when, at a student spree,
  Full many a spicy story you could tell us
Of Profs. long gone, and Profs. who ought to be;
  Now you yourself, a dignified Bedellus,
Are barred (save on occasions in the Union)
From that sweet undergraduate communion.

But when the "liberal education's" done,
  And "Pi" and "Barbara" alike are shunted;
When the last square of pasteboard has been won,
  And the last professorial precept grunted,
By you with silken nooses we are haltered—
May twenty other years see that unaltered!

STAN LEIGH.

PANTOUM OF MARCH

THE shadow of the March exams
  Black lies along the thorny way,
The restless student fiercely crams—
  He strives to carp the nigh-done day.

Black lies along the thorny way
  He sowed to keep his wild oats hid;
He strives to carp the nigh-done day,
  And to forget the things he did.

He sowed to keep his wild oats hid!
  (What boots it, friend, to sow and sow?)
And to forget the things he did
  He toils to make his memory go.

What boots it, friend, to So-and-So,
  To Such-and-Such, as anguished there
He toils. To make his memory go
  Exists the inquisitorial chair.

To Such-and-Such, as anguished there,
  This simple, unassuming verse
Exists. The inquisitorial chair—
  May it accept my dying curse.

This simple, unassuming verse,
  'Tis ransom from a span of pain.
May it accept my dying curse,
  Lest it presage a "pipped again."

'Tis ransom from a span of pain—
  The shadow of the March exams.,
Lest it presage a "pipped again,"
  The restless student fiercely crams.

THE SQUID.

KING JAMES

THIS country is famous in story
For quite a variety of things,
For most or for much of which glory
She's in debt to her rulers and kings.
There's Macbeth, there's the Bruce, and there's Wallace,
And a host of as glorious names;
But the pick and the peach of them all is
King James.

He, I mean, who of old condescended
To accept Queen Elizabeth's berth,
And who, while the faith he defended,
Was the wisest old gander on earth.
In looks he was rather unnerving;
And his views on the kingship were wrong;
Yet there's one thing about him deserving
A song.

It isn't his happy evasion
Of Guido's free trip to the sun,
Or that now he's, in part, the occasion
Of sooty and sulphurous fun;
It isn't his claims as a Plato,
Or his interesting freak of a mouth,
Or even his paving the way to
The south.

Not his rule do I sing nor his riches,
Nor the service he rendered to trade,
Not his spirited manual on witches,
Nor his anti-tobacco crusade.
It is something a world more momentous,
As we students of Hebrew agree;
'Tis the fact that 'twas he who first sent us
A key.

And each morning when Amos I'm mauling,
Or am throwing new light on the Psalms,
When I'm tripping and stumbling and falling,
A goat 'mid a foldful of lambs;
When the prof. looks as if he could axe me,
In a whisper that trouble proclaims,
I entreat my Orestes to rax me
King James.

Great and manifold thus are the blessings,
Most dread sovereign, which usward you yield,
From random conjectures and guessings
Our infallible shelter and shield;
And if haply the classical critic,
Reared on Kelly and Bohn, thinks you free,
You're sufficiently near the Semitic
For me.

T. L. D.

THE O.T.C.

We are peculiar people, and we've all our little ways,
  But most of all considering our games,
For some of us make poetry and some of us make plays,
  (Tho' some of us get serious making names);
There's some of us can slog a ball, or wriggle in a scrum,
  Put up the gloves, or smile at ten-league walks,
But of all the little play-games packed 'twixt here and kingdom come,
  Soldiering's the strangest in the box.

Marking time and halting when you're told,
With your greatcoat on your shoulders badly rolled,
With a bally blunted bay'net bobbing 'neath your haversack,
You go up and down the barrack square and round about and back,
Marking time and halting when you're told.

Some of us are dignified and some of us are plain
  (It's purple blood that does it to the first),
And some of us have cash—a few—and fewer have a brain,
  The rest of us have only just a thirst.
But doctor, lawyer, parson, or what else we mean to be,
  Schoolmaster or oily engineer,
We play at being soldiers, for we like the game, d'ye see,
  And we know you think the hobby is damqueer.

For it's easier, by a stretch or two, to moon around indoors,
Or lounge upon a hammock in the shade,
But the Officer-in-Training is a soldier tho' it pours,
And let thermo-meters burst, he's on parade.
It's patriotism does it, and it does it just the same
To Honoursman, to Chronic, and to swot,
They soon shine like the article's that paid to play the game,
And the military manner marks the lot.

We don't resent your laughing now, we know just how it looks
To be blundering about the way we do,
When we might be very properly attending to our books—
But remember that we do it all for you.
For if the game turns serious, we'll work the contract out,
For educated blood can stand a spill,
And if a cheeky German force comes knocking hereabout,
We'll send them home a-feeling rather ill.

And we'll send them home a-feeling rather ill,
For we'll buckle on our khaki with a will,
With a bayonet fresh from grinding for to tickle their abdomen,
We will pack you off to bed and then we'll settle with your foemen,
And we'll send them home a-feeling rather ill.

MERWING.

TO THE CHILDREN

Ye little atoms of humanity,
  Pig-tailed or knickerbockered, as the case is,
Showing your deep belief that fun is vanity
  Upon your faces,
Ye settle down enthusiastic to
Your Greek or Maths., or wheresoe'er your forte is;
But can the gown lend air scholastic to
  A pair of shorties?

Oh, why on earth left ye your nurseries,
So very green in matters academic?
Why talk of naught but classes, passes, bursaries,
  Pale and anæmic?
So, to begin with, dears, the bard beseeches
  Ye put your hair up, or your legs in breeches.

Knoku.

VERY MUCH AFTER HENLEY

J. M.

BEJONICIS INTONSIS

(1904)

A WHITE car glides up from the sleeping town;
And from the east,
Where the fog, impotent, inert,
Lolls in a yellow lump,
There twines to the old, grey college
A long and sinuous line of hairy,
Hopeful freshmen.

Upwards they toil,
With boots unlaced, unbuttoned vests; their hair,
Fresh from the morning tub, straggles
In riot. On glides the car. Togas,
Though carefully tucked away,
Gleam; and dull, drab Gibson Street
Is shrill with milkmen vending bluish stuff;
Stuff—well, at least it cools
The early porridge stodge.

Swift be their passing!
Exams. all vanquished, and their Arts course run,
The grad. got over, and, near the gate,
Some white car waiting,
Let them be whirled far from the ken of profs.;
Far from the weary, winter session's grind.

AUGUSTUS BEJANT.

A TOAST—TO THE NEW YEAR

A CHRONIC leaves to let a Fresher
come—
On Time's voluminous roll
matriculated—
His advent, heartily acclaimed
by some,
By some with much misgiving
is awaited.
Is he a sportsman? Will he
play the game?
Will Mem'ry raise a loving
tombstone o'er him?
Or will he after all prove much
the same
As those before him?

Great are his promises for Gilmorehill—
Union extension and a three-term session
But that the old *régime* will linger still
With undergraduates is my impression;
And 1908 will hear the same old songs
And speeches, with the same old gusto given,
And the same grumblers air the same old wrongs
As 1907.

At "Jonah's" oratorios again
  The Union will resound from floor to attics,
Snooker will still give odds of 1 to 10,
  And B-Fee still be ploughed in mathematics:
Caurnie will prove philosophy a sham;
  And unless stopped (for which benev'lent task a
Man of some moral force is needed) Cramb
  Will give us Lasca.

Doubtless the worthy Prof. of Moral Phil.
  Will (in nine headings) show the world organic,
While he of Logic will demolish Mill
  And prove the views of Hamilton satanic;
None of these bygone thinkers will protest
  (They have long ceased "to wander in the thicket"),
Nor will the student take exception, lest
  He lose his ticket.

Then, here's to every *civis* and his fad,
  Here's to each prof. and his peculiar temper,
Principal, Court, Senatus, Undergrad.—*Floreat semper!*

STAN LEIGH.

BLACK-LISTED.

I.

Ten an' six, that's the cash,
  An' I reckon that you,
If you hadn't gone smash
  Playin' banker an' loo,
Could pay up your bloomin' subscription
  An' square off my little bill too.

II.

P'raps you don't know
  There's a list up to-day,
An' your name's among 'em,
  It runs in this way—
"The following gentlemen still have
  Their Union subscription to pay."

III.

It's no use to pray
  That the beggars 'll wait,
An' it's easy to say
  That the last bit o' plate
Is lodged with your generous uncle
  To buy that last present for Kate.

IV.

You *have* seen the list,
  An'—what, my name's there too!
You're sure? Well, I'm blest!
  What a mean thing to do.
Come on. I've my sub in my pocket,
  There's a matinée on at the Zoo.

C. J. K.

A BALLADE OF PHYSIOLOGY

When first the Neolithic troglodyte,
  Art-aching, loosed his after-dinner vest,
And deftly carved upon the ivory bright
  The woolly reindeer of his wary quest,
  He viewed his scratchings with a boyish zest,
And laughed a laugh his soul could well afford;
  For he had ne'er beheld—had never guessed—
The Master Marvels on M'Kendrick's board.

Though in that land where from the central night
  Springs father Nile, by great Osiris blest,
Strange symbols of the dead our souls affright,
  We still may spell the wisdom they possessed.
  The wedge-writ science of Chaldea's best,
Though hidden deep, may slowly be explored:
  These marvels but with greater awe invest
The Master Marvels on M'Kendrick's board.

The mysteries the grave Celestials write,
  The painted wigwams of the glowing West,
The Tables Moses broke upon the height,
  The tales on Polynesian shields expressed,
  The Roman wax and schoolman palimpsest,
The runic secrets of the Gothic horde,
  Now kneel abashed, and meekly all attest
The Master Marvels on M'Kendrick's board.

  Asoka, Hammurabi, and the rest,
Were they to upper air again restored,
  Would view with green-lit eye and envious breast
The Master Marvels on M'Kendrick's board.

CAURNIE.

BALLADE OF MATH.

WE are sick of directrix and focus,
  Of radian and quadrant and grade;
The expansions of π nearly choke us;
  But Jugglery comes to our aid.
  For what good does it do us to wade
Through the works of each crazy advancer,
  When maximum marks can be made
By the process of faking the answer?

Discriminant, conjugate, locus,
  Are phrases well known to the trade;
They assist its professors to hocus
  Dull wits by an empty parade
  Of mysterious symbols that strayed
From the tomes of some dark necromancer,
  And now are more fitly displayed
By the process of faking the answer.

We can't grow a rose or a crocus
  From roots of quadratics that fade,
With a swiftness designed to provoke us,
  To spectres of nebulous shade
  That are scattered and twisted and swayed
In a weird demoniacal dance, e'er
  Their phantoms are finally laid
By the process of faking the answer.

  Friend Euclid, we try to evade
Your attention as much as we can, sir—
  Our debt is more easily paid
By the process of faking the answer.

R. B.

A BALLADE OF MARCH

Alike at funeral and feast
  It rises gaunt and unconsoled,
Pale as the moonlight in the east,
  And as the polar ocean cold;
  Whatever be the story told,
However frequent be the dram,
  Like Damocles, I still behold
The Spectre of the March Exam.

And when toil-wearied man and beast
  Within her mantle's spacious fold
Kind night has most securely fleeced,
  In dreams it haunts me doubly bold;
  And over shadowy wave and wold
There dogs me, as the wolf the lamb,
  All murd'rous eyed and shaggy poll'd,
The Spectre of the March Exam.

Occasionally I have greased
  The midnight peeler's glove with gold,
And, for like reasons, too, the priest
  Might have me 'midst the saints enscrolled:
  But never purse has yet controlled
Its hopelessly unvenal palm.
  No mortal tongue has yet cajoled
The Spectre of the March Exam.

Far blither songs shall yet be trolled,
Princess, than this lugubrious psalm,
When from the carpet I have bowled
The Spectre of the March Exam.

CAURNIE.

ON THE OCCASION OF OUR LATEST HOLIDAY

OATMEAL!
We feel
A verse of praise to thee is owed.
Through thee, we cast aside our load
Two days.
No praise
Can on thee be bestowed
Too great.
Hard fate
Compelled, in days of yore,
The revellers in Wisdom's lore
A respite from their work to steal
To let them fetch a bag of meal.
In thy praise, I with kind intent,
Tho' Heaven no inspiration sent,
Abuse
My muse.
Ah! while they trudged along the road,
Each bent beneath a heavy load,
His winter's nourishment containing
(And oft, without a doubt, complaining),

Did one
Poor son
Of sorrow for a moment dream
That *we* his yearly toil should deem
An act
Which lacked
No single point whereby to earn
The gratitude of all who learn,
Or who at least do seek Dame Knowledge
Within the precincts of our College.

ANON.

A PROF. MIXTURE

FROM day to day, from year to year,
Beneath the college profs. I sat,
And stowed away a store of lere,
With countless views on this and that;
As true and trustful as a lamb
I took their lectures meekly down,
Showing in essay and exam.
How well I made their thoughts my own.

And thus, perhaps half-unperceived,
I have become, in leaf and stem
(It seems too good to be believed),
A fragrant flower akin to them;
Indeed, I may presume to add
That, thanks to kind Carnegie's pelf,
The college staff, both good and bad,
Is concentrated in myself!

For instance, it were no surprise
Had I some Latta in my brain,
Some Jack (not Picken) in my eyes
(If Picken, just, I hope, a grain);
And further, though so tender-young,
I'll have some Ramsay in my bones,
Some Phillimore upon my tongue,
And in my heart a touch of Jones.

With such select component parts,
You'd look for marvels in the whole;
But in the world's exacting marts
I'd not fetch sixpence, heart and soul.
Of course, I'll play the sycophant
And take the blame without a sob,
Yet, college staff, I really can't
Congratulate you on your job.

T. L. D.

PROFESSOR CONICS

He stands by his radical axis
  In an attitude quaintly demure,
But the tortuous track that he tracks, is
  Uncommonly weird and obscure,
When expounding the process of blending
  The spherical functions of ϕ,
Or complacently superintending
  The cooking of π.

With what chuckles of playful derision
  He traces impossible graphs,
Or gloats o'er the rapturous vision
  Of an infinite series of halfs,
Or whispers soft words to the blackboard,
  Dark spells of mysterious sense;
While Chronics lean wearily back, bored
    Beyond all-pretence.

At a pace that is simply terrific
  The Freshmen devoutly repeat
Each volatile hiëroglyphic
  With a faith no mistakes can defeat.

The landscape is apt to look rum, where
  Two ends of the prop. have got mixed;
But they know that the answer is somewhere
    Between and betwixt.

His eye has a humorous twinkle
  As he watches the stylographs run;
For he wots that some barrels of ink'll
  Be needed before he is done.
But his favourite jest is to gather
  Whole alphabets into a flock,
Though the process is apt to be rather
    Expensive in chalk.

So he uses the radius vector
  To rake in the casual shreds
Of curves where the sines intersect, or
  The asymptotes stand on their heads;
Though to many his lectures are Greek, he
  Continues for month after month
Expanding the real umbilici
    To the $(\alpha + 1)$ th.

R. B.

EMERITUS

When the wind at evening roisters
  Wildly up the long parade,
And the pale, deserted cloisters
  Don their gabardine of shade,

Flies my fancy back to chilly
  Seasons, when I used to plod
Gaily classward, through the stilly
  Morning, to the moonlit quad.
For although its paths be gritty,
  And its weather wet, I still
Render homage to the "city
  That is set upon an hill."

There for many a cheerful session
  I essayed to amplify
Views (which I considered fresh) on
  Every subject 'neath the sky;
Learned that we are only cheeky
  Atoms in a trackless void;
Chased the warlike Umbilici
  Round the dark paraboloid;
And obtained a hazy notion
  Of some rules I now forget—
Newton on the laws of motion,
  Goudy on the Law of Debt.

There I wasted many lazy
  Hours at baccarat and "pills,"
And engaged in pass-times crazy—
  Not included in the bills.
Learned to circumvent the stranger,
  And manipulate a hose
With the maximum of danger
  To the garments of my foes;
Figured in a famous scrimmage
  Round the Rothseiana "oak":
And set up a Craven image
  To the ancient god of Smoke.

But—although my spirit still is
  Undismayed as when I first
Learned "to sport with Amaryllis,"
  Tried to cultivate a thirst—
I must henceforth tread Life's highways;
  Never more may I invade
Those enchanted lanes and by-ways
  Sacred to the genus "blade";
For alas! that primrose way is
  Closed against us once for all,
When we cross the crimson dais
  Of the Graduation Hall.

R. B.

The
Glasgow
Undergraduate
in Town

TWILIGHT IN TOWN

Slowly the curtain of the dark is falling,
Across the sky night's sombre shadow rolls,
And up the street there comes a cracked voice calling,
"Coals!"

There's sadness in the voice of that old fellow,
An echo, maybe, of the mighty grief
Felt by the world when in the sere, the yellow
Leaf;

An echo of the wars of winds and roses,
Of orchards stripped of all their golden brew,
Of barren fields, of cold blue skies, and noses
Do.;

Of cheerless homes, where children starve and shiver,
Where menus are confined to crusts and crumbs,
Where hope is dead, and where the coalman never
Comes.

There's likewise in that hawker's voice a mystic
Something suggestive of the joys of earth,
Expressive of a species of artistic
Mirth;

Mirth that grows brighter as the days grow duller,
Full of the warmth of comfortable dreams,
Gay with the ruddy glow of brilliant colour
Schemes.

And still adown the sky the dark is falling,
And still along the street that cracked voice rolls,
Monotonously calling, calling, calling,
"Coals!"

T. L. D.

TRIOLET OF THE BREVITY OF TIME

"TEMPUS FUGIT!" So they say,
Those who moralise in Latin.
"Life is far too short for play,
Tempus fugit so! (They say)
Curly heads grow quickly grey,
But all that is put quite pat in
Tempus fugit." So they say,
Those who moralise in Latin.

MERWING.

ODE TO THE CLYDE

Hail, great black-bosomed mother of our city,
  Whose odoriferous breath offends the earth,
Whose cats and puppy dogs excite our pity,
  As they sail past with aldermanic girth!
No salmon hast thou in thy jet-black waters,
  Save what is left adhering to the tins.
Thus thy adorers—Govan's lovely daughters—
  Adorn thy shrine with offerings for their sins.

No sedges check thy flow, nor water lily;
  Thy banks are unadorned with hip or haw,
'Cos why?—now, don't pretend you're *really* silly,
  There ain't no lilies at the Broomielaw.
MacBrayne defiles thy face with coaly sweepings,
  Into thy lap the tar expectorates;
The "Caledonia's" cook his galley heapings
  Casts in thy face as if at one he hates.

Yet art thou great. Though strangers hold their noses
  When sailing down to Rothesay at the Fair,
Thy exiled sons would barter tons of roses
  To scent thy sweetness on the desert air.

C. J. K.

GLASGOW TYPES

No. I.—THE CAR CONDUCTOR

Ach! I'd raither be a cairter wi' a horse an' coal briquettes,
Or an interferin' polis catchin' bookies makin' bets,
But tae staun' a' day collectin' maiks an' gettin' tons o' lup
Frae auld wives an' cheeky wee-men—man, it fairly feeds me up!

Wur first run in the mornin's wi' a lot o' silly goats,
Doon tae Yoker an' Kilpatrick, whaur they mak' the iron boats;
They smoke an' spit an' argy wha is likely tae get in,
Exceptin' when they're narkin' ower the heid o' Jimmy Quinn.

But they're angels, bloomin' angels, compared wi' whit I get
In the efternune an' evenin'—mair pertikler if it's wet;
Auld wives oot daein' shoppin', an' as nesty as can be,
When they're cairret on tae Partick an' them wantin' Polmadie.

Ach! I'd raither be a cairter wi' a horse an' coal briquettes,
Or an interferin' polis catchin' bookies makin' bets,
For I'm seik o' cheeky weemen, wi' their impidence an' fuss,
An' the Corporation, they can—richt, Wull. Here's the terminus. C. J. K.

No. II.—THE FOUR-WHEELER

I'LL put ma twa feet through yer biler,
Ay, you wi' the rid motor caur!
Scarin' ma' horse wi' yir hooter,
An' spilin' ma cab wi' yir glaur.
An' the stink o' yir smoke's somethin' awfu';
Div ye feed yir auld taxi wi' taur?

Nyafs like you are the ruin o' Glesga',
'Twould mak' even an angel feel sair,
Wi' yir flag stickin' oot o' yir shouther
Tae show that you're wantin' a fare.
An' the toffs say, "Awa' wi' yir growler,
A taxi's the thing I prefer."

It's weeks since I've earned a curdy.
I canna afford even beer
Since you wi' yir auld hurdy-gurdy
Came an' ended ma honest career.
An' Wull's ribs are like girds on a barrel,
You could strike matches on them gey near.

May yir sparkin' plugs stick in yir thrapple,
  Broken bottles stick intae each tyre,
May yir petrol tank leak till its empty,
  An' spile a' yir chance o' a hire.
An' I hope that a spark frae yir ingin
  Will set the whole d—d thing on fire.

C. J. K.

No. III.—THE FLAPPER

I'M fair run aff ma tootsies in the tea-
  shop whaur I work,
An' between the boss an' customers
  I'm mad as ony Turk.
But when the shops are closin', an'
  the nicht begins tae fall,
I put ma glad rags on an' seek the
  Rue de Sauchiehall.

I'm an expert wi' the glad eye, an'
  ma Merry Widda hat
Is quite the latest *chapeau* (it's French
  menus that did that!),
An' ye'd never think tae hear me that
  I lived sae near the slums
When I speak aboot pa's motor an'
  oor yacht wi' twa rid lums.

I think roller skatin's jolly (when ye get some fool tae
  pey),
But I never tak' a second look at them that smokes
  the cley.

Ma best boy's name is Bertie, an' he lives in Pollokshields,
An' he gives me everythin' I ask (he's greener than the fields).

I'm awfu' fond o' music-halls, I visit fower each week,
But I canna staun the opera, yon singin' mak's me seik.
"All the nice girls love a sailor," or a song wi' somethin' light
Is the sort o' song I—(Hullo, Bertie! Whaur we gaun the night?)

C. J. K.

No. IV.—THE ENGINEER

THE Shwe Dagon's a bonnie kirk a' set wi' rubies braw,
Wee twisty golden minarets, ye coodna coont them a';
They say yon ugly idol's e'en wid buy the P. and O.,
Man, I'd raither hae the auld Tron Kirk; av coorse, *ma* tastes are low.

Ye mind yon army chap we carried tae Bombay last year?
He used tae sit an' talk wi' me among the engines here,
Aboot Simla, an' the polo, an' the splendid mountain air,
Man, *he'd* never slept in Skeoch Wid in Rothesay at the Fair.

Last trip we broke oor record, an' the owners peyed up well,
So me an' Mac did table d'hôte in thon Bombay hotel,
There were fifteen different courses, but Mac whispered ower tae me,
"Man, I'd swap it a' for ham an' eggs an' some o' Lockhart's tea!"

Ay, Glesca mud's no' jist as nice as India's coral strand
(Ye'd hae tae dredger gey faur doon afore ye came tae sand),
But yir eyes look kind o' happy, an' yir breist begins tae swell
When you're sailin' up by Greenock, an'—gosh, there's the "stand-by" bell! C. J. K.

No. V.—THE BARMAID

When a fella calls me Tottie, I put on an air that's haughty
If his hair ain't brilliantiny an' his ties the latest shade,
But I'm always called Salome by the nuts who really know me,
When they ask for Johnnie Walker and a little lemonade.

When a fella asks for lager, with a glance I make him stagger,
Interruptin' me an' Bertie in a gentle tête-à-tête;

An' if he should turn crusty, well, he gets his lager—musty
From the cask I keep for customers who haven't long to wait.

Though my years are somewhat mellow, yet peroxide keeps hair yellow,
An' I look so sweet an' girlish when I'm skatin' at the rink.
When in Sauchiehall I'm walkin', showin' just a little stockin',
Well, you'd never dream I spent my days a-moppin' up the zinc.

So when Death has caught us bendin', an' there ain't no more coin spendin',
When we're gathered to the regions where there's neither flask or taps,
You will find me there, I hope, handin' out the grateful dope
When you're roostin' up in heaven—or the other place perhaps.

C. J. K.

THE WEST-IND PARK

AN IRISH MELODY

To a speerit that loves Natur'
  The Wist-Ind Park a plisant place is,
Now, as when it shoines complatur
  Wid geranyums an' dayses.

That summer shure's a glorious sayson
  Is a fact there's no denyin';
But the prisint's not displaysin'
  Once you've got your Natur' eye in.

For the pound wid swans a-sailin',
  An' ould gintlemin in gayturs
You may see, an' nurses trailin'
  Babbies in perambilayturs.

An' the Kiusk, an' the Kilvin,
  An' the shrubberies, an' binches,
An' the workmin which are dilvin'
  Flower-bids, an' motour-stinches.

Round the fount'in too I potter,
  Far from "couls" or "coul briquittes," and
There I listen to the water
  As it bubbles o'er the wit sand.

Yis to moinds that's fond ov Natur'
The Wist-Ind Park a plisant place is,
Either lyin' desolate or
Wid geranyums an' dayses.

KNOKU.

OUR UNCLE

LET them sing of war and duty, hearth and home and love and beauty,
Sing of anything they care for as it pleases each and all;
As for me, whate'er beset me, I'll be happy if you let me
Hymn our old and genial Uncle in the Rue de Sauchiehall.

Ancient, grave, and ever ready to befriend the youths unsteady,
(Such as I am who politely make a periodic call);
For the fresher or the chronic he's a never-failing tonic
Is our old and genial Uncle in the Rue de Sauchiehall.

Well we know how dear his face is, we who wander where his place is
(Which we know by wont and custom, for it bears no triple ball);

We who barter, stern and stony, needless tomes for needful money
With our old and genial Uncle in the Rue de Sauchiehall.

He with mournful exhibition says, "It is an old edition,"
And declares he has a hundred such within his musty hall;
Then we stand and stare and stutter and some fond endearments mutter
At our old and genial Uncle in the Rue de Sauchiehall.

Thus we pay our frequent visit, and the question rises—"Is it
Not the best thing we can do whene'er the clouds and crises fall?"
And when things are red and wrecking, I for one am surely trekking
To our old and genial Uncle in the Rue de Sauchiehall.

Long, then, may our Uncle flourish and with food financial nourish
Many hopeful broods of *cives* ere they weave his mortal pall,
After which they'll doubtless toast him, e'en as we do who now boast him,
As our old and genial Uncle in the Rue de Sauchiehall.

CAURNIE.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND ROBERT

POLICEMAN, bobby, peeler, copper;
  Let them call you what they will,
Names abusive, names unproper,
  But in love I hail you still
        Robert,

    The flap of your feet,
    Pitter patter on the beat,
Has been a beacon to me in the night:
    Or your murmur at the dawn,
    "Sir, you're just a wee thing on,
But never mind, I'll get you home all right."

Digs. are wondrous tricky places—
  After twelve they vanish quite,
Disappear and leave no traces,
  Only you can set me right,
        Robert,
    The flap of your feet, &c.

Take the latch-key from my pocket,
  I can't find the door at all;
That's the boy—now please unlock it—
  Hold me tightly, or I fall,
        Robert,
    The flap of your feet, &c.

You've a large and human heart,
  You would never run me in;
Have a glass before we part,
  Here's to you, my more than kin,
    Robert,
    The flap of your feet, &c. H. P. S.

M.A.

(Master of Arts in an Office, with Apologies to R. K.)

I WISH my mother could see me now,
  With an inkpot just at my arm,
And a pen and a desk and a blotting-pad
  To keep the ledger from harm,
Atop of a no-back office stool,
  With memories that are gay.
I used to haunt the Union once
  (With Macintosh, Marsh, and Mowat once,
Strathie, Kinnear, and Hislop once),
  But now I am M.A.

My hands are smudgy with ink-spots,
  My cuffs 'ud give you a thrill,
And the things, bein' boy, as I've 'ad to do,
  Would make a street arab ill.
I don't know wot cussed column I'm at;
  No wonder I'm gettin' grey.
I've hunted the blasted ledger once,
The ledger and greasy day-book once,
The whole of the bloomin' office once,
  For now I am M.A.

Our senior's a Cambridge Wrangler,
  My boss was the top of his year,
We've a deuce of a pot of an Honours man
  To act as the firm's cashier,
But you can't spot me in the office
  (Five bob in the week's *my* pay),
An' I used to talk about Latta once,
Medley an' Maths an' Moral once,
Dances, At Homes, an' Hockey once,
  But now I am M.A. J. M.

THE MUSIC HALL

They warned me, so I went. The door was wide;
  The man looked kind and pleasant, so I fell.
I payed my shilling—crowds pushed me inside.
  Hark ye! my children, listen while I tell
    What befel
  When I changed good lucre for a stall in Hell.

A reek of smoke behind—in truth, the Pit;
  Yet savouring rather of the Wild Woodbine
Than sulphur, and (I own I noticed it)
  A beauteous damsel in the seat next mine
    Did incline
  Her head, and scanned the programme line by line.

"Good company in Hell!" I, laughing, said.
A hoarse voice chides; but, lo! a small door opes,
The orchestra appears head after head;
A curtain bearing ads. for beers and soaps,
Raises hopes,
While the conductor for his baton gropes.

Crash goes the orchestra; the curtain rises;
Sapolio, the brickbat marvel's on;
He juggles things, while one old wife surmises—
What, if such wealth of cleverness he squan—
Ders on,
Such tricks he might not do some—soft, he's gone!

The curtain rises on a village square—
An elderly, red-faced T. Atkins comes:
He sings of camp-fires and the bugle's blare,
And drums
What time the band complacently tum-tums.

A lady next right lightly gambols on:
She is a coon, I know her by her hat;
She sings, I think, the band makes awesome din—
And then she does a clog-dance: sort of rat-
Tat-tat—
You know—and then a shuffle on a mat.

Next from the wings a wondrous object slunk:
His hat was crushed, his garments all a-tatter;
He seemed to take a pride in being drunk,
And having more than one inamorata—
A matter
Which went to make extremely doleful patter.

Next came a thing, they said, was sure to fetch:
They called it, as I think, the "Midnight Mail";
Described it as "a most dramatic sketch."
The damsel on my right evolved a wail,
Grew pale,
And grasped my hand, so dreadful was the tale.

One moment, Mister Editor—just one:
I'm sorry if I'm occupying space;
I've one thing more to say, and then I'm done:
For when I got outside that sinful place,
My golden watch had gone off like a gun,
And I won-
Der will I ever (though I fear that I will never)
Perceive again that tender damsel's face.

THE SQUID.

AUTUMN BUTTERFLIES

SUMMER'S over!—Cousin Fainny
From the coast et lest is beck,
And goes gaily down Buchanan
Street with hendsome Cousin Jeck.
Watch her jaintly pick the pevement
Ez she doddles in the sheade,
Or goes twiddeling her bengles
While patrolling the Arceade.
Cousin Jeck's slipped from the office
For a twenty-minutes' run;
Fainny's been in Crenston's tea-shop,
Sweetly nibbeling a bun.

Jeck inquires, "What she's been up to,"
  Ez he strokes his small misteshe;
"She's been walking round the gell'ry"—
  "Isn't it sich offal tresh?"
"Was she at Drumthumpie's concert?"—
  "Hu! yais! an' it was offal nice!"
"Is she goin' to Trumpetini's?"—
  "Hu, nu! it's sich a frentic price!"
"Oo! who's thet?"—"Thet's old Miss Toffee!
  Isn't she grown offal fet?"—
"Don't look! I say; there's that girl Finnan
  Wearin' sich a commin' het."

So the twenty stolen minutes
  Pess in sich delightful tolk,
And for Cousin Jeck and Fainny
  "It's been sich a jolly wolk."
"Wale! good beh! I've got to go beck
  To that horrid daisk and payne"—
"Wale! good beh! I've lots of shoppin'
  Before I kin git home again."
Jeck he's jest a minute left him
  For a sandwich and a drem;
Fainny buys a ha-penny packet
  Of hairpins, and takes a trem.

ANON.

A BALLADE OF STUDENTS' NIGHTS

Oh, night of nights that soon will be!
  When we shall fill the flowing bowl
And set our weary spirits free
  And laugh within our inmost soul.
  For some will lose their self-control,
And some their hats, and some their sight,
  And some will in the gutter loll,
Because it is a Students' Night.

We go because the S.R.C.
  Has kindly fixed the evening's toll
Within our reach, at one and three,
  Which isn't much upon the whole,
  Besides they say the play is droll:
But ours will give us more delight,
  Since "down the staircase" is our rôle,
Because it is a Students' Night.

What though we go upon the spree
  And end by playing "shoot for goal"
With other people's hats? Our plea
  Is good enough; it will console
  Our hearts for what our classes stole—
Our wonted joy. So it is right
  That all our readers should condole,
Because it is a Students' Night.

  Princess, I fear you'll have to thole
Such things as these of which I write,
  For some will lose their self-control
Because it is a Students' Night.

H. P. S.

MORNING: A POEM

The roofs are pale and hopeless in the dawn,
The houses huddle, flinching in the wind,
Blank windows stare, and empty closes yawn,
And, with benumbed hand, I draw the blind.
A single chimney, plumed with yellow smoke,
Taints the crude air. The dawn is unripe green.
O dingy starling, on thy sooty twig
Creaking thy protest, and thou, cat obscene,
Vagrant and furtive, pray, what fate awoke
Thee from the beds where, since at last fatigue
Did pretermit thy—singing, thou hast been?

O morning milkboy, on thy shivering round,
O blue-nosed wight at corner of the street,
By ties of deepest kinship I am bound
To ye! In common suffering we meet.
O Fate, that comes to all in various shape,
For me an early prof., discoursing soul,
However kindly-spectacled he beam,
Embodies thee, O Fate, he and his roll.
From thee, O heavy Fate, is no escape—
Cat, starling, boy, are one, whate'er we seem.
Together and alike we're up the pole. SCHWENK.

HEARTS ASUNDER

I.

Margaret May and Eliza Jane
Came into town by the self-same train,
In the self-same carriage they travelled together,
And Eliza Jane kept wondering whether
'Twere proper to speak, in a casual way,
To an elegant lady like Margaret May;
While Margaret May, with the kindest intention,
Was mentally weighing how much condescension
She must needs employ to converse with a plain
And commonplace girl like Eliza Jane.

II.

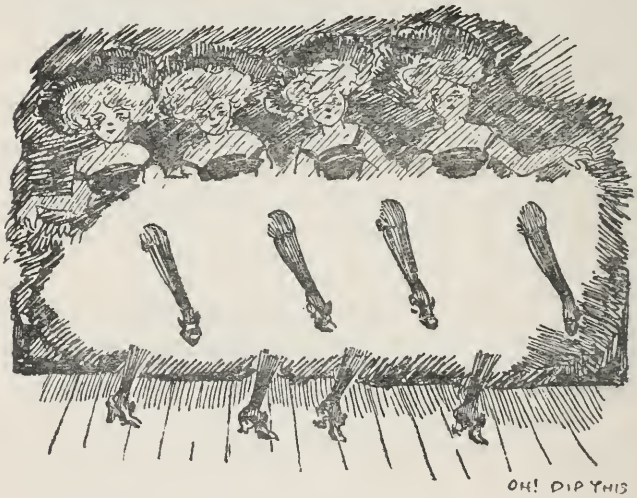
Margaret May and Eliza Jane
Kept thinking it out in the self-same train,
In the self-same carriage they thought it together,
And Margaret May kept wondering whether

She'd talk of Tschaikowsky or Grieg or Mozart,
Or whether 'twere best to discourse upon Art,
For who could deny that by good chance she might
Turn out to be ardently pre-Raphaelite?
Yet literature offered a popular topic,
Where knowledge of Art might be quite microscopic;
If Stevenson failed he might quite well be buried with
A mutual praise of the genius of Meredith.
Thuswise, as the train crawled along on its way,
Kept pondering, pondering Margaret May;
But Eliza Jane, not a small whit behind her,
Kept wondering whether the lady would mind her
Discoursing on things such as haircombs and furs;
And would she mind telling the cost price of hers?
Or would it be better to chat about men?
For Eliza Jane counted admirers by ten,
Not counting the butcher, who kissed her—the brat!
Would the lady like hearing what happened of that?
Yesterday was the wash-day, but who could wash clothes
When the ground was all snow and the water-taps froze?
The plumbers were making a fortune, 'twas plain—
Suchwise would have prattled Eliza Jane.

III.

But Margaret May and Eliza Jane
In the self-same carriage and self-same train
Kept pondering, pondering all the way down,
And took their own ways when they came into town.

MERWING.



VILLANELLE OF THE DANCERS

A careless, laughter-loving group
  Of Chronics in the pit, applauds
The Dancers of the Tiller Troupe,

As down the lime-lit stage they swoop
  To set our amorous blades at odds—
A careless, laughter-loving group.

Hurrah!—A hundred-throat-power whoop
  Welcomes "the darlings of the gods,"
The Dancers of the Tiller Troupe;

Looping an everlasting loop,
  They seem the merriest of squads,
A careless, laughter-loving group.

When Gold-Fields—and his spirits—droop,
  My philosophic friend belauds
The Dancers of the Tiller Troupe.

And I recall—in hope to dupe
  The devils who haunt my mental quads—
A careless, laughter-loving group,
The Dancers of the Tiller Troupe.

R. B.

HARD LINES

I POTTED the white,
  Though I played for a cannon;
It happened last night,
  I potted the white.
So bad was the light,
  And so fast the ball ran on;
I potted the white,
  Though I played for a cannon.

H. P. S.

The Glasgow Undergraduate Romantic

THE TRUE BALLAD OF FAUSE MAISRIE

Oh! cheery, cheery was the fire
That lightly blinked on the kitchen plates,
And weary, weary is the blaze
That claws the bars of hot hell-gates.
(*And it's hey nonny, nonny O,*
For hell's fire blinks bonny, O!)

The lady has made her a wee wax man,
And twirled him slantways with her hand,
With the whiskers red, and the bowly legs;
Oh! where is his marrow in braid Scotland?

His marrow sits in Cowgate Peel,
And swankily swigs the nut-brown ale,
And carols the catch of a careless wight
Ere the day grows dark and the years grow stale.

"Now three times round and round about,
And three times round and round again,
And mickle dole to be dreed, to be dreed,
To pay the price for my day of pain."

The lady's face is awesome pale,
And the warm wax sputters across the grid,
With a darning needle stuck in the wame
To pay the price for the deed he did.

. . . . . .

There is dole and grief in Cowgate Peel,
The schooner of ale lies low on the ground;
"Now, wha will bring me a skilly priest
To heal my soul of a deadly wound?"

They have brought him a leech, they have brought him a priest,
To hold him to earth or to shrive him for heaven;
And his breath was slow and his pulse was low,
And his temperature at a hundred and seven.

"Now son, now son, your haven's won,
Your liver and lungs are up the pole;
Now tell me the sins that lie on your chest
Till I sterilise your septic soul."

"O, I ha' murdered my fifteen wives,
And I ha' slaughtered my grandmamma,
I ha' burned a friar in the kitchen fire,
And flung his banes from my castle wa'.

"I ha' floated a fraudulent companee,
I ha' robbed the widow and broke the pledge,
I ha' battened on roller skating rinks
(And yesterday learned the outside edge).

"I ha' done these things in the ord'nary way,
But one of my worries is stronger far,
For I swanked yestreen of her half-crown fee
A gipsy palmist at a bazaar.

"Now, take your book, and take your bell,
And take of candles two or three,
And wend your way to the gipsy's house,
And gar her lift the curse frae me."

The priest has taken his book and bell,
And a cogie of holy water too,
And has wended his way to the gipsy's house
To see what Halikirk might do.

"What make ye here, ye wicked witch?
What make ye here at your fireside there?
I rede ye cease your eldritch sport,
Or your bones shall burn in the city square."

"Now, hooly, hooly, sir," she said,
"And lithe and listen unto me,
And I will spey at *your* bazaar
Withouten either charge nor fee."

"And will ye spey at my bazaar
Withouten either charge nor fee?
Then baste your wee wax man amain,
Ye ne'er shall take let from mine or me."

* * * * * * * * *

A tortured soul went out at e'en,
At dusk, amang the bats and clegs;
Red whiskers flew from ilka cheek,
And down below were bandy legs.

And Maisrie went to the priest's bazaar,
And speyed away from dawn till mirk,
And gave her fee for the new belfree
That stands upon the Cowgate Kirk.
(*And it's hey nonny, nonny O,*
For hell's fire blinks bonny, O!)

THE SQUID.

REMORSE

As the sun was slowly setting,
and the evening now was
getting
Dark and cold beneath the
fretting of the wind upon
the sea,
On the silver sand a-sitting
was a sailor's daughter
knitting,
As she sang her song un-
witting of the fact that
soon her glee
Would be turned to bitter
sorrow ere she wandered
home for tea.

Soon across the sand came walking gipsy men and women hawking
Pots and pans and chairs for rocking children when at night they roar;
So the maid forgot her stocking, as she started idly mocking
Their fantastic wares and talking of the burden that they bore,
But the gipsies passed unheeding straight across the sandy shore.

Suddenly there came a calling as of some one loudly bawling,
"Come at once, the baby's falling from its cradle on the floor,
And the kettle leaks so badly that we need a new one sadly,
Though your father tells us madly it will cost us two and four,
Which is rather too expensive, though, of course, it might be more."

Then the maiden once so queenly felt her new position keenly,
And repented she had meanly scorned their kettles now so dear;
So the pangs of conscience smote her, as her heart begun to flutter,
And the maid began to mutter words which were not very clear,
And she wandered homewards, dropping first a stitch and then a tear.

H. P. S.

BALLADE OF BYGONE FASHIONS

Where is the handsome, dashing blade
  Who claims to spring from ancient race,
Yet loves with ardent love a maid
  Whose only dowry is her face?
Where is the old-time trysting-place,
  The vows upon an open page?
Fled in a path they'll ne'er retrace,
  The fashions of a bygone age.

The glittering swords and bright brocade,
  The haughty dance's sinuous grace,
The waving plume, and bold cockade,
  The furbelows of snowy lace.
The shrinking in a soft embrace,
  My lord and ladies' equipage—
In such requited love we trace
  The fashions of a bygone age.

The weary watch, the heart afraid,
  The rumbling of the swift-drawn chaise,
The duel fought in some forest glade,
  The tears upon his resting-place.
Such grief which halts the youthful pace,
  Which time or man can ne'er assuage,
The world to-day would fain efface
  As fashions of a bygone age.

Envoy.

Would that old times would come apace,
  And stop the foibles that engage
The modern mind, and but deface
  The fashions of a bygone age.

A. B.

A FRESHMAN'S FATE

A Freshman came to the Union fire,
  To the Union fire, and sat him down;
He hailed direct from a rural shire
  Far from the taint of the truthless town.
But he warmed himself to his heart's desire
As he sat that day at the Union fire.

And he heard the tales that the Great Men spin,
  The strange weird tales from the practised tongue,
And he meekly sat and took all in
  As a Falstaff might at a barrel's bung,
Nor did he once pause to enquire
For the truth of the tales at the Union fire.

Thus he came and sat there day by day,
  And stared with ever-widening eyes
Till his raven ringlets turned to grey
  And his brain-box swelled to a triple size,
And his temperature grew ever higher
As he heard the tales at the Union fire.

He comes not now to the Union fire,
  For he sleeps afar in his native lea,
Where the storms repress their rudest ire
  To gentle zephyrs, fresh and free,
That wail upon the woodland lyre
"He heard the tales at the Union fire."

Caurnie.

TO AN OLD FRIEND

With bright eyes, and with hair
that is crisper
Than a woman's by poet be-
hymned,
Unseen by the eye, by the whisper
Of memory only belimned,
Thou art come with thy crimson
about thee,
And thy sack which must total
a ton—
Could Christmas be merry without
thee,
Our Father of Fun?

With the mistletoe wreath and the holly
Thy brow is becrowned as of yore—
When we danced and rejoiced in our folly
And thy wonderful gifts that we wore;
And though Reason would coldly pronounce thee
But a shadowy myth of the sun,
What lover could wholly renounce thee,
Our Father of Fun?

Of old as thou threaded thy dim way
Through night and the clouds as they closed,
And entered at last, by the chimney,
The home where my childhood reposed,

As I dreamt of the cherubim flocking
  Above, or the turkey and bun,
Thou wert calmly engorging my stocking,
  Our Father of Fun.

Did'st thou laugh till thy face was as ruddy
  As the raiment thy merriment wears,
When I hugged yon remarkable cuddy
  (Which I broke in a week on the stairs)?
When the Noah's ark fell on the fender,
  And father sat down on the gun,
Did'st thou weep till thine eyelids were tender,
  Our Father of Fun?

Once again with thy gifts thou shalt freight thee
  When slumber has darkened my eye,
But no stocking wide-mouthed shall await thee
  (There's a hole in the heel by the by);
Thou shalt pass, but the sigh of thy sorrow
  Shall fly as a cloud from the sun
When thy children shall laugh on the morrow,
  Our Father of Fun.

Though thy glory has ebbed and departed
  In the hearts that embraced thee of old,
Though we sing of thee sorrowful-hearted,
  And our praises are timid and cold,
Yet new lovers shall hail and behymn thee
  While the stars and the centuries run,
Nor shall death or the ages bedim thee,
  Our Father of Fun.

CAURNIE.

THE TRUE BALLAD OF JOHNNIE TOD

'Twas in the bleak, brown winter time,
And down the wynds the chill wind blew,
And Johnnie Tod he walked abroad,
And his cauld ribs clanged where the blast rushed through.

"Oh! hooly, hooly, Johnnie Tod,
Oh! hooly, hooly, down the brae,
For the frost has taken the water-pipe,
And to-day is the Claeslap washing-day."

For Johnnie Tod was a plumber brave,
All curly grew his span-lang hair,
And he had bags of the lead, lead pipe,
Solder and putty rich and rare.

And Jamie Gairbaird was a bad old man,
A bold, bald baron, I wit was he,
And in his hall were whiskies small
And all the beer in Christensie.

"Now, lythe and listen, Johnnie Tod,
And mend my frozen pipes for me,
And I will give you whiskies small
And all the beer in Christensie."

But Johnnie sniffed a high, shrill sniff,
"Now, haud your tongue, Lord Baron," said he,
"I would not mend your frozen pipes
For all the beer in Christensie.

"I would not mend your frozen pipes
For all the drams in Gairbaird Ha';
But you have got ae daughter fair,
The sweetest flower abune them a'.

"See us your daughter, my bold, bald lord,
See us your daughter, my genial man,
See us your daughter you love so dear,
And I will do what mortal can."

"Now bring your piping and wee grass bag,
And bring your fire-pump hastilie,
And I will gi'e you my daughter fair
To be a plumber's bride so free."

Johnnie has brought his wee grass bag,
And Johnnie has brought his pipe of clay,
And has hung up his bunnet in Gairbaird Hall,
And wrought at the pipes the lee long day.

And Johnnie has brought a cart of bricks,
And fifteen plumbers swank and tall,
They have wiped their boots on the turkey rugs,
And torn the tripes from Gairbaird Hall.

They have flung the tripes on the green grass plot,
They have broken the boiler in pieces sma',
They have twined the roof with the lead, lead pipe,
And hammered a hole in the kitchen wa'.

"Your daughter, your daughter, my bold, bald lord,
Your daughter with eyes like the sun's high noon;
Now see us your daughter, my bold, bald man,
I fain would start on the honeymoon."

"Now haud your tongue, bold Johnnie Tod,
Now haud your gab, ye blethering loon,
Ye have torn my hoose down over my heid,
And ye come and ask me a honeymoon.

"Now that for thee, young Johnnie Tod,
Now that for thee, thou ill-faur'd tyke"
(The baron has taken his hob-nailed boot
And booted young Johnnie high ower the dyke).

. . . . . .

It was mirk dark night over Claeslap Hill,
With the moon buried deep in a lowering sky,
And the whaups wailed wearily over the moor,
And the gibbet clanked loud by the way forbye.

And Johnnie has taken his way, his way,
With *aves* to keep his soul from harm,
And a long black cloak and a dark slouch hat,
And a yard of piping under his arm.

Song.

"I'm up the pole, up the pole, up the pole,
And you are up the pole, up the pole,
And he's up the pole, and they're up the pole,
And we're all up the pole, up the pole."

The baron is daunering home at e'en,
His belly well-lined with the nut-brown ale,
And loud and long a ribald song
Raises his voice o'er the curlew's wail.

Johnnie has slunk from the roadside ditch,
And dealt the baron an unco crack.
Oh! wasna this a direful deed,
To slay a baron behind his back?

And they hangit Johnnie three fathoms high,
And cuttit Johnnie in quarters four,
And stuck his heid on the city gate,
And nailed his ears to the Hie Kirk door.

And as for the ladye of Gairbaird Hall
Wha led poor Johnnie his last high dance,
She died of grief on Sabbath morn,
A very pathetic circumstance.

So that is all my simple tale
Of these two lovers fond and true,
Of plumber John and the bad baron
And what befel between the two. THE SQUID.

MAUD ALLAN IN A SNOWSTORM

LIMBS that were lyther than lilies,
Waving long fingers, and nose
Blue with a blast that as chill is
And shrill is
As riots around the Faroes
When the winter has drawn to a close—
Maud! in a garment of beads, in a pitiless garden of snows.

Eyes that have kindled and thawed the
Stone Samurai in the stalls,
Bidding them hotly applaud thee.
Ah! Maud, the
Queen of a myriad Halls!
Hark to their rapturous calls!
Classical wriggles and sprawls,
Warm, melting eyes unavailing—the snow shower unceasingly falls.

Lightly clad, lyrical lady,
Venturing, rash, over-bold,
Say, shall a gay coryphée die?
See, with a spade I
Scatter the crystalline mould!
Now with an ulster enfold,
Toes froze in the throes of the blizzard so uncompromisingly cold.

The lights of the Palace shine cosy,
I see thee from high in the gods,
With features remarkably rosy,
Or so say
The wise cognoscenti with nods
As they gaze on this First among Mauds,
For they know of the snow and the woe, for I told them, and, if it's a falsehood, what odds?

THE SQUID.

JOHN PETERS, PIRATE

THE pirate captain's always bad,
His language it is horrid, too;
Plank-walking is his favourite fad,
His cuss-words are of florid hue.

His crew are every bit as rank,
And holler shockin' choruses;
They, when each victim walks the plank,
Indulge in deoch-an-doruises.

John Peters was a grocer, but
His bank account was looking queer,
So one fine day he murmured, "Tut,
I'll be a bold, bad buccaneer."

He took a train to Greenock, and
For fifteen pounds a vessel bought;
It bore the name of "Mary Shand,"
And looked as smart as any yacht.

John Peters was a moral man,
  A rigid Presbyterian;
He criticised the Vatican
  In manner quite Lutherian.

And so he only signed as crew
  Good men of righteous, pious mind;
All ruffians he did eschew
  Whose chief delight was "getting blind."

O'er each man's bunk a Bible lay,
  And, Sundays, if the day were fine,
On the harmonium he would play
  Nice hymns, from eight till half-past nine.

But one day, as he told the crew
  Of Noah and the flooded earth,
His tympanum was piercéd through
  With hoarse guffaws of vulgar mirth.

John Peters slowly raised his eyes
  And looked the interrupter through,
Then softly said, "There ain't no flies
  On this that I'm a-tellin' you.

"But if you ses that I'm a liar
  For preachin' wot I never saw,
You're doomed to everlastin' fire;
  Wot's more—I'll break your bloomin' jaw."

The pirates shivered as they heard
  The words their trusty captain spoke;
The interrupter only glared,
  He was a hefty sort of bloke.

He took three steps across the deck,
  And from its sheath his cutlass tore,
He smote John Peters on the neck,
  And stained the deck-planks with his gore.

They threw John Peters in the sea,
  And chose his victor as their chief,
And each man broke his strict T.T.
  In whisky grog to drown his grief.

And after many bloody frays,
  And pelf stored up in pirate lairs,
They passed the evening of their days
  In peace and comfort—millionaires.

* * * * * * * * *

The moral in this song of mine—
  "*Poeta nascitur non fit*";
But for "poeta" (second line)
  Put "pirate" in instead of it.

C. J. K.

A DAY DREAM

Most men stick to dead things,
read things, said things,
Bits o' people's lives, an' never
thinks o' life themselves,
But I am all for seen things,
green things, clean things,
Things you see in ships, an' not
in books on musty shelves.

I wish I'd lived in old times, bold
times, gold times,
Times o' 'Enry Morgan w'en he
sailed the Spanish Main,
I'd go a-buccaneerin', veerin', steerin',
An' all me crew a-cheerin' as they 'eaved the moorin'
chain.

An' the diamonds would be chinkin', blinkin', winkin'
In the blazin' sunlight streamin' through the 'atches
cracked an' worn,
While the crew would all be boozin', snoozin', carousin',
An' the Jolly Roger streamin' from the mizzen
'acked an' torn.

But there aint no use desirin', firin', admirin',
Longin' for the drinkin' an' the fightin' an' the fun,
So I swings me bloomin' 'ammer. Slam 'er! Damn 'er!
'Ere's the bloomin' foreman an' me job aint 'arf
begun!

C. J. K.

THE TWA NON-COMS.

It fell upon a July nicht,
  In camp beside the sea,
The Sergeant said to the Corporal,
  "I rede ye come wi' me,
And we will to Carnoustie go,
  The maidens fair to see."

They hadna gone a league, a league,
  A league but barely three,
When they were 'ware of a maiden fair
  Came linkin' ower the lea.

"O what are ye, ye maiden fair,
  That links along the lea?
And will ye walk with us a while
  On the links beside the sea?"

* * * * * * * * *

The Sergeant he has taen an' struck
  The Corporal sae keen,
And they've set a combat there and then,
  Beside the thirteenth green.

The Sergeant put his hand to's side,
  And drew his bayonet,
And the locking-ring and the locking-spring,
  In the Corporal's blood are wet.

The Corporal put his hand to's side,
  Nae bayonet had he,
But wi' a solar plexus punch,
  He's gart the Sergeant dee.

* * * * * * * * *

They buried them baith where they found them baith,
  Beside the thirteenth green,
Wi' pipers playin' loud and clear,
  The three rounds blank between.

And out o' their single grave there grew
  A birk but and a brier;
The brier but a wee thing laigh,
  The birk a wee thing higher.

And on the bonnie, bonnie birk
  Are growing stripès three,
And on the bonnie, bonnie brier
  Two stripès fair to see.

And on the bonnie July nichts
  A maiden treads the lea,
And the Sergeant slays the Corporal
  In the links beside the sea.

SCHWENK.

BALLAD

When the wind and rain together
  Beat upon my window pane,
And the street lamp's yellow glimmer
  Flickered down the gusty lane,
Sat I in my lofty garret
  Bending over pirate lore,
Listening to the wind's loud piping
  And the creaking of the door.

Then old Pew would come a-tapping,
  Tapping on the cobble stone,
And the wind and rain grew silent
  Till the night held Pew alone.
Thus old Pew would come at midnight,
  Though the street lamps yellow shine,
For the creaking by the doorway
  Was the Benbow's creaking sign.

Piping winds and sailors' chanties,
  Pirates fighting in the night,
Strange oaths flashing through the darkness,
  Old Pew praying God for sight.
All these heard I in the midnight,
  Heard with joyful, boyish ear,
Safe beside my chimney corner,
  Mingling rare delight with fear.

Then to bed, wide-eyed and wakeful,
  While the muffled horsemen rode
In the night's increasing darkness
  Up and down the windy road,
Champing bits and clinking stirrup,
  Klop-te-klop of horses' feet,
Beating down the cobbled roadway,
  Stirring echoes in the street.

Now within a city bedroom,
  By a sad and sleepied fire,
Swotting books that have no meaning,
  Crushing down the old desire,
Sit I toiling in the gaslight
  In an unromantic street,
Where no sound is heard at midnight
  But the copper on his beat.

A. J. A.

The Glasgow Undergraduate And the Cares of this World

RESOLUTION

Frail Summer's fleeting sheen is o'er,
  And Winter with her pensive hue
Invites me now, as oft before
  To turn a leaf and write anew,
  And so, with practised lips, and true,
I swear that ere the year revolve
  Full steadfastly will I pursue
The Work I solemnly resolve.

Methinks I hear a mocking roar
  That greets me from the chronic crew
Whose thoughtless guise I lately wore,
  Till three years' work was overdue.
  False friends, a long farewell to you!
Our plighted troth must now dissolve;
  What care I though the world pooh-pooh
The Work I solemnly resolve?

The languid Union's gaping door
  Most circumspectly I'll eschew;
Its lounges henceforth nevermore
  Shall know me, though they lately knew.
  I'll never lift a billiard cue,
From whence the seven dread sins evolve,
  No Torchlight now can make me rue
The Work I solemnly resolve.

O'er no Terpsichorean floor,
  With more or less fantastic shoe,
I'll flit, as I did flit of yore,
  Ere heated youth to knowledge grew,
  The King's, The Empire, and The Zoo—
Whate'er the sacrifice involve—
  I'll shun, to pass in fond review
The Work I solemnly resolve.

* * * * * * * * *

O hear, ye gods with wisdom hoar,
  And hear ye little fishes too,
Precisely thus I often swore,
  And did life's honeyed joys taboo:
  Give ear, and without more ado
My perjured soul in ruth absolve,
  For soon I'll fervently beshrew
The Work I solemnly resolve.

CAURNIE.

A BALLADE OF PESSIMISM

OUR path is not a path of roses,
  No primrose decks our wonted places,
We gather no sweet-flavoured posies
  Where'er we turn our weary paces;
  Whither or whence our mortal race is
We're quite unable to explain;
  The one sole truth we clearly trace is
The Cussedness of Things Mundane.

The morning ends our restless dozes,
  And frenziedly we seize our braces,
Our only stud where Heaven knows is;
  And snap! there go our faithless laces.
  We bolt our breakfast, drop the graces,
Upset the milkboy, miss the train,
  And recognise with wild grimaces
The Cussedness of Things Mundane.

The Fresher butchers Latin Proses,
  The Final muddles all his cases,
The hardy annual Chronic throws his
  Kings down to find them met by aces;
  The Prof. in dour endeavour chases
His special mysteries in vain—
  These all attest with woe-wrung faces
The Cussedness of Things Mundane.

  Whate'er the thoughtful eye embraces,
From Southern Cross to Northern Wain
  Reveals as Life's eternal basis
The Cussedness of Things Mundane.

CAURNIE.

MEMORA—BILL—IA

THE landlady I'm with just now
  Is much the best I ever had;
She's got this failing, I'll allow—
  Her memory seems a trifle bad.
But I'm in hope that even there
  She'll show pronounced improvement yet;
For, since I first set eyes on her,
  There's one thing she does not forget.

She *does* forget that I can't bear
  Tea brewed and boiled for hours on end;
And that she isn't meant to share
  The love my correspondents send.
She doesn't always keep in mind
  That fires are warmer lit than not;
But I invariably find—
  There's one thing she has not forgot.

It's not the first time, be it said,
  That she has locked me out at night,
And then been forced to rise from bed—
  Wee, modest, crimson-tippéd fright.
In fact, her memory's most absurd,
  And causes her extreme regret;
But you can take my solemn word—
  There's one thing that she won't forget.

For just as surely as the day
  Called Monday makes its sad *début*,
She, smirking in her guileful way,
  Presents her weekly *billet-doux*.
She can and does forget a lot,
  And more she'll be forgetting yet;
But this she never has forgot,
  And, trust me, never will forget.

T. L. D.

THE PRAYER OF THE PENITENT

I AM sick of the Dance and the Dinner,
  I am weary of Panto and Play,
And of Fortune, the fickle old grinner,
  That favours and flees in a day;
A soberer man and sedater
  I'll hie me now hillward again
To sob at thy shrine, *Alma Mater*,
  Our Lady of Pain.

For the wine-cup of pleasure is murky,
  And the chaplets are withered and sere,
(And I think that Noachian turkey
  Was the same that I tackled last year);
From the glittering glories that cater
  To Mirth with illusionments vain
Release me, release, *Alma Mater*,
  Our Lady of Pain.

Now the riotous living is over,
  Low hushing and hollow the laugh,
I've come from the roses and clover,
  But where is the corpulent calf?
Ah! mine is no Prodigal's pater,
  And so 'neath thy favouring fane
I'll seek me repose, *Alma Mater*,
  Our Lady of Pain.

Forgive me my midnightly folly,
  My mistletoe madness forget,
O purge and absolve me now wholly
  (I'm sufficiently deeply in debt).
But that polished and kindly old waiter
  Who helped me yon night to my train
Remember and bless, *Alma Mater*,
  Our Lady of Pain.

Receive, O thou kindly-browed Mother,
  This peevishly penitent prayer,
And excuse me now "having another"
  To moisten the dust of Despair;
For now, ere the morning be greater
  And the moon of my merriment wane,
I pledge thee once more, *Alma Mater*,
  Our Lady of Pain.

CAURNIE.

THE GROUNDS OF MY COMPLAINT

(CHANT ROYAL)

Some chaps there are who seem to think
  That College days can last for aye;
That session is the time to drink—
  And tread, in short, the downward way.
And some there are who swot like fools,
And some who sit on office stools;
  While others are on genius bent,
  With furious hair and time misspent;
Their addled brains would vex a saint.
  To curse all such is my intent:
These are the grounds of my complaint.

Societies which try to link
  The broken chain of work and play;
Whose secretaries daub the ink
  O'er reams of paper day by day;
And all their philosophic schools,
And Nature's laws, and social rules,
  On which much time is fruitless spent;
  The talk of "heavenly discontent,"
The need of training self-restraint.
  Shove all such quibbles up the vent:
These are the grounds of my complaint.

And landladies—I fain would shrink
  To talk of harpies such as they,
Whose mention makes my heart-blood sink
  In memories of vague dismay.

Like hideous dwarfs or ghastly ghouls,
They make Carnegie's pups their tools;
  Like bloodhounds eager on the scent,
  They love extorting triple rent.
Large, round, and fat, with moral taint,
  What is not true they quick invent:
These are the grounds of my complaint.

The maids, with cheeks of peach-like pink,
  Who at the earliest dawn essay
In philosophic light to blink,
  And deep religious fears allay.
It only mother earth befools
That you should leave your silks and tulles,
  And come to climb the steep ascent
  Of hills which you were never meant
To climb. Be women, do not feint
  To be, like men, *sans* sentiment:
These are the grounds of my complaint.

The Union, too, where loungers skink
  Their cups of tea and loudly bray,
And to the barmaids vainly wink,
  Who turn their modest heads away.
Upstairs, in pyramids and pools,
Where many a loafer daily cools
  His heels, and swears with discontent,
  In whom the knave is equal blent
With madness (for he's surely quaint),
  All these I only can lament:
These are the grounds of my complaint.

Envoy.

I trust, my friends, that you'll resent
No portion of my argument;
  I'd say of all I could acquaint
You with, though boundless in extent—
  "These are the grounds of my complaint."

A. B.

EMBITTERED

SHE has forgot. Ah, woe is me!
The oft sweet cup tastes bitterly,
The cup which eager lips have sought
Since first its golden draught she brought,
And taught my heart its mystery.

She who with tender smile and free,
Did cream the cup whose ecstasy
Charmed all the sorrows of my lot.
  She has forgot.

But must I drink? Or can it be
This galléd essence I may flee,
And shun its bitterness? Bright thought!
Since Mother hasn't, sure I ought
To put the sugar in my tea,
  She has forgot.

MERWING.

AN ANNUAL EFFUSION

Not for my sake, O Muse! not for my sake,
But for the Editor's, who scorns denial,
Fly fleetly down from Helicon and shake
O'er my untuneful head thy gen'rous vial
(But stay! the gentle reader who but scans a
Few casual lines prefers a lighter stanza).

Across the lawn no perky pixies flock,
No calm moon glints on white-roofed hall and hovel,
No handy man upon a snowed-up walk
Employs his shovel.

The postman crawls on far from festive feet,
And swears incontinently at the packs he
Distributes; while the mud upon the street
Has glued a taxi.

The midnight peeler's adamantine face
Relaxes not in seasonable greeting;
There is no hint in his emphatic pace
Of old years fleeting.

The family spectre shuns our every gaze,
The very mice upstairs have ceased their cheeping;
Prosaic tabby by the parlour blaze
Is soundly sleeping.

No raucous Waits have ever yet come round
My way to break my uneventful slumbers—
Waits (like the things above) are only found
In Christmas Numbers.

Yet round the fairy windows' genial glares
Enthusiastic juveniles are squeezing,
To gape at mannikins and Polar bears
And things trapezing.

Fictitious villagers in pantomimes
Round shapely principals dissolve and rally,
And bad magicians have some festive times
Among the ballet.

And amid gay Terpsichorean scenes
We trip a frankly elephantine slipper,
Or pilot to accommodating screens
A sister tripper.

Beneath the idiotic mistletoe
Expectant relatives already chatter,
And many a strong man presently will show
As mad's a hatter.

Impracticable sox and sporting ties,
With flowery braces, soon will be arriving,
To show that maiden aunts 'neath other skies
Are still surviving.

Yes, Merry Christmas comes; and all too soon
We must at once effectively resign all
Hopes of the March exams., and till next June
Postpone our Final.

CAURNIE.

ODE

(*On applying for a job with a larger salary*)

I SERVE no god as I serve you,
Divine Content. My spirit free
Requires no Heaven high or new;
Old Earth is good enough for me.

But hear me, you whose bland control
Forbids me covet or aspire,
Yet by whose sway, from pole to pole,
The world conforms to my desire;

If from your store of joys unique
To me-ward there should be assigned
An extra bob or two per week,
I, for my part, would not much mind.

T. L. D.

THE BOOKS I USED TO GRIND AT

(*With Apologies to "Elia"*)

WHERE are they gone, the books I used to grind at?
I had a Jevons; it I sold right gladly,
Sold when I was hard up, in a night of hunger—
All, all are gone, the books I used to grind at.

I have had "Readers," I have had weird Primers,
In my days of childhood, in my painful school days—
All, all are gone, the books I used to grind at.

I have been fuming, I have been lamenting,
Swotting late, stewing late, over Fraser's "Berkeley"—
All, all are gone, the books I used to grind at.

I had a Key once, full of fearful phrases,
Ramsay annexed it; said it was "too fwightful"—
All, all are gone, the books I used to grind at.

I had a Euclid, full of wild triangles,
But it got battered, and I straightway sold it;
Sold it to rot 'midst books I used to grind at.

Ghost-like I wander'd through the haunts of freshmen,
Gazed at, with joy, their pink, unshaven features,
Screwed up in frowns o'er books I used to grind at.

Simpson has bought some; Stenhouse has bought others;
Some are borrowed from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the books I used to grind at.

AUGUSTUS BEJANT.

NEIGHBOURS

I HARDLY imagine you're new, nor
Your frame as entirely immune
From scars, and it's years since a tuner
Pretended to put you in tune;
But think not you frighten me! ah, no!
I have neighboured your kindred before,
And a Briton am I, and a man, oh Piano,
Next door!

I regret that I have not the pleasure
Of claiming acquaintance with you.
You are fair, and my landlady says your
Papa has a sovereign or two.
Yet your singing, my dears, I'm afraid is
The limit. The fact I deplore,
But I sometimes have wished you in Hades,
Young ladies,
Next door.

KNOKU.

OMAR AGAIN

BROTHER, awake! your drowsy eyes unlock!
The landlady has beat her morning knock
Upon the staircase, and full well you know
That Moral meets to-day at eight o'clock.

Recall no more the past with vain regret,
Nor over ill-spent hours repine or fret.
The girl you met at Millport in July,
Forget about her all—forget, forget!

Asquith, 'tis true, his little say has said,
And merry Christmas-tide has come and fled.
Ah! not unwisely waste your day or e'er
The March exam. uprears its hydra head!

Myself life's hidden secrets never bared,
Though whence man came and whither mortals fared
I cared to know, and deemed the master knew
Who Caird about it all, and Caird, and Caird!

From Rutherglen, upon a sparky car,
I came, and sought me wisdom from afar;
But this was all the answer that he made:
"A system, son, a system all things are."

I wrote my scroll, and on it humbly tried
To show that Truth to mortals is denied,
And by and by my scroll returned to me,
And "Gamma plus" adorned its outer side.

Some sages hold for Unity alone,
And some believe in Difference alone,
But "half-and-half" is good enough for me,
And aye shall be, and not for me alone!

For in the Grosvenor one summer day
I sat and smoked a democratic clay,
And heard a sage across a glass of beer
Remark, "Let's make us merry while we may!"

Descartes, Spinoza, Kant, and all the show
Of Hegel's mysteries, which none may know—
Ah! let them be, while still the Empire stands,
While still the Gardens by the Kelvin blow.

The ne'er-do-weel, who never cared a jot,
The first-class Honoursman, who thought he thought,
Have passed alike from Pulpit and from Pub.,
And equal daisies mark their funeral plot.

Behold the Hall of Bute, where we must bow
Our tortured heads, and see the ruthless Plough
Above it rising, heralding that doom
We may escape, but how—ah! tell me how?

CAURNIE.

A BALLADE OF DEBT

"And some fell on stony ground."

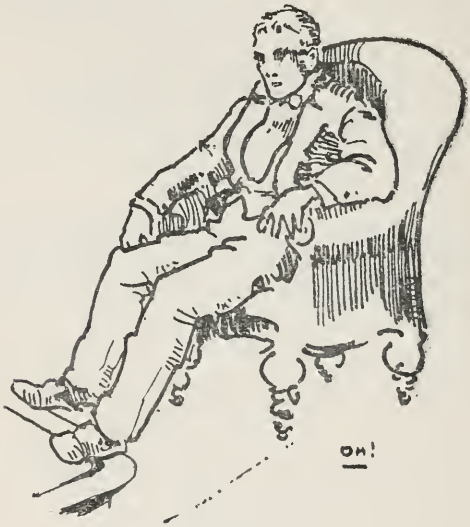
I WAS not ever thus; in fact,
  My life was skittles once and beer,
Not always thus my soul I racked,
  Or dropt this unavailing tear;
  I spent my days in careless cheer,
And swallowed only gilded pills,
  Nor dreamt that ever I should fear
The chorus of my unpaid bills.

But vainly now would I extract
  What joys in life I once held dear,
While round my tortured head are stacked
  These *billets doux* from far and near,
  Too numerous to mention here,
More thick than Hermon's dew distils,
  Augmenting each with ready leer
The chorus of my unpaid bills.

Their time is ruthlessly exact,
  Their notes are cutting, cold, and clear
(Except the one from Holmes, whose cracked
  And age-worn bass sounds somewhat queer).
  The tailor's, senile now and sere,
A tantalising tenor trills,
  Which long has swelled, from year to year,
The chorus of my unpaid bills.

  Princess! grant that in some far sphere
I'll sun me on celestial hills,
  Where never jars upon my ear
The chorus of my unpaid bills.

CAURNIE.



PIE CRUST

When the city streets are roaring
  Under heels and wheels and hoofs,
And householders are encoring
  Feline efforts on the roofs,
Up the anchors go that bind us,
  Off we swing along the stream,
Sailing, wind and tide behind us,
  Outward bound for old Boheme;

For Bohemia the golden,
  Where no rule or law retards,
Where are liberties untold in
  All the songs of all the bards.
What of worldly crowns or curses?
  What of things that are or seem?
What if empty be the purses?
  Hearts are full in old Boheme.

Land of ill-defined ambition,
  Of iniquities divine,
Of endeavour and contrition
  'Twixt the kisses and the wine;
Land where every prospect pleases,
  Where ev'n man is worth esteem,
Land of murky free-and-easies,
  Pith and pros. to you, Boheme!

I have strung my share of poses,
  Had my fling of sloth and song,
Rioted among the roses,
  Galloped gaily with the throng;
But from now till next October
  B.D. is my hope and dream.
Henceforth let's be sad and sober,
  Henceforth fare-you-well, Boheme.

T. L. D.

TRIPLE BALLADE

OF THE FUTILITY OF A CHRONIC'S LIFE

We are beloved on Glasgow Green,
  In Cairo as on Cathkin Braes;
Through Polar seas we stalk serene,
  Or ride on cycles of Cathay's;
  Ours is the mighty brain that sways
The world to-day, though fools pretend
  That billiard room *habitués*
All come to nothing in the end.

Ours is the voice you hear convene
  The heroes to Rectorial frays,
With "Here's a haun', my trusty frien',"
  And other similar hymns of praise;
  Ours is the impartial hand that sprays
With meal the garb of foe and friend—
  But feuds begun on voting days
All come to nothing in the end.

For all intrigue our wits are keen;
  Our "yeas" are not the simple "yeas"
Which Paul suggests; and all may glean
  That whisky is our greatest craze.
  But though for us the brewers' drays
Their way to thirsty cities wend,
  The pleasures of the pace that—slays—
All come to nothing in the end.

We sleep in class-rooms "bare but clean"
  (The fees for which Carnegie pays),
Till Clodia and Imogene
  Are mingled in a hopeless maze
  With gastric nerves and tourniquets
And screeds of Syriac or Zend—
  The themes our valiant brain essays
All come to nothing in the end.

We pass our waking hours between
  The Union fire's prophetic blaze,
And the more meretricious sheen
  Of Students' Nights and matinées.
  We swear the loves of nymphs and fays
Are too platonic in their trend—
  The visions that delight our gaze
All come to nothing in the end.

'Tis true that when our notions lean
  Toward victories on the verdant baize,
Sometimes, through "kisses" unforeseen,
  The fickle pillules chance to graze;
  But unexpected ricochets
Are things no text-books recommend,
  And triumphs won by such displays
All come to nothing in the end.

Sometimes behind a friendly screen
  Perchance our idle footstep strays,
Unheeding whether Iff has been
  Discoursing waltzes or strathspeys.

But ah! how often Love betrays
Our trust—and pays no dividend—
The airy castles which we raise
All come to nothing in the end.

We oft intend the *Magazine*
To profit by our amorous ways—
A sonnet to our bosom's queen,
An epigram on jades and jays.
Alas! the subtle sneer that flays
Our rival's back, is never penned—
Our long premeditated lays
All come to nothing in the end.

One antidote we have for spleen,
The sight of which for ever stays
Our suicidal hand—we mean
Our baccy-pouch's dusky glaze;
But Guinea-Gold and Henry Clays,
And even our pipe of Russian blend,
All vanish in a smoky haze—
All come to nothing in the end.

Freshers, our verdant *protégés*,
Our fate you well may comprehend,
Although the warnings it conveys
All come to nothing in the end.

R. B.

The Glasgow Undergraduate In Love

THE LAW CLERK'S PRAYER

I, JOHN ANDERSON MYJOEJOHN,
  for my persevering love
of the lady after-named, and
  IN CONSIDERATION OF
all the three-p'ny bits I've squandered
  to sustain the church's plea,
DO hereby PETITION Allah
  to DISPONE and GIVE to me,
ALL AND WHOLE that dainty maiden
  now designed Kathleen Kildare
in the Parish of Old Cumnock
  and the Sheriffdom of Ayr;
bounded on the north by tresses
  dusky as the raven's breast;
on the south by shoes as neat as
  fairies'; on the east and west
by the comeliest of blouses
  round which on the centre tie
of a chamois belt, it measures
  twenty inches or thereby,
following the curve; according
  as said blouse is coloured blue
on the photograph annexed and
  signed as relative hereto;
With the parts and pertinents, and
  all the gay caparison
of the hats or hoods erected
  or to be erected on

the aforesaid northern boundary
  of the said Kathleen Kildare
as above described; WITH ENTRY
  at the date of this my pray'r;
IN WITNESS WHEREOF these presents,
  writ by Robert Browning, clerk
to Max Welton, Braze & Bonie,
  Writers, Alexandra Park,
are subscribed by me at Glasgow
  on the thirty-first of June,
Nineteen five, before these witness-
  es, the Dogstar and the Moon.

(Sgd.)

*, Witness.

J. Anderson Myjoejohn.

☽, Witness.

R. B.

TRIOLET

WITH my arm round her waist
  I was tempted to kiss her,
But she deemed it distaste
With my arm round her waist,
So I stole one in haste
  In the case I should miss her.
With my arm round her waist
  I was tempted to kiss her.

MERWING.

VILLANELLE

Ye straight-laced dames must grant me this,
  Abuse my morals as ye will,
There's nothing sweeter than a kiss.

A sunny morn, a pretty miss,
  Some country lane or copse-grown hill;
Ye straight-laced dames must grant me this,

That then's the time to taste of bliss;
  With no one by to break the thrill,
There's nothing sweeter than a kiss.

A sorry wight who'd be remiss
  With such a chance—and proper skill;
Ye straight-laced dames must grant me this.

And though, ill-pleased, ye loudly hiss
  My words; ye needs must take the pill—
There's nothing sweeter than a kiss.

And well ye know that's true, I wis,
  For in your hearts ye think it still,
Ye straight-laced dames; so grant me this—
There's nothing sweeter than a kiss.

A. B.

A LYRIC

Bring me rich jewels for my love, and damasks rich and rare,
And nard and spice of Orient and ouches for her hair,
And bring her silks and bring her lace and charge them up to me,
For ah! my love is forty-five and I am twenty-three.

And bring neat-handed Phyllises to hang my love with gems,
To shape her tresses bounteously and crown with diadems,
For here be vair and onyxes to deck my love for me,
For ah! my love is forty-five and I am twenty-three.

The Squid.

LINES TO SARAH MACCASH

For I abide in Kelvinside,
And you live in Cathcart.
—A. S. Wallace.

The slow Clyde rolls between us, love,
Station, exchange, and mart
Hurl up their turbulence to heaven
Between me and Cathcart.
For I infest the wild, wet West,
And down the dreary miles
Of dread and drouth a weary South
Grows sunny with thy smiles.

But what is space to us, my love?
And what are miles to me?
My taxi eats them up by tens
That hurtles me to thee;
The swallow winging to his mate,
The homeward lowing cow,
Could never face the breakneck pace
That I am making now.

The hoplite in the ancient days
Kicked off the clogging loam,
And pranced the puny parasangs
That lay in front of home.
The white wings spread, the sailor sped,
Leander quelled the tide;
So swiftly, sweet, down Union Street
I hasten to thy side. The Squid.

POINTS OF VIEW

MEN say that Dolly Varden's eyes
  Are just the finest ever seen,
Beside her cheek the rose's dyes
  Appear egregiously mean;
Men say the shapely lips of her
  Are sweeter than a flower new-blown;
In short, men one and all aver
  That she's the fairest girl in town.

Men say that Dolly Varden's clothes
  Are always charming, chaste, and *chic*,
And that her saffron shoon and hose,
  As such things go, are quite unique;
Her simplest hat's a dream of bliss,
  There's rapture in her plainest gown;
Men say, in fine, that Dolly is
  By streets the best-dressed girl in town.

Men say that Dolly Varden talks
  About as nicely as she looks,
That she's an oracle on frocks,
  On art, on music, and on books;
Men say she can converse at ease
  With prince and peasant, sage and clown;
And they are all agreed that she's
  The smartest little girl in town.

And if this magazine were what
  Is popularly known as pink,
The chances are I might be brought
  To tell you what the ladies think.
But would you have imagined that
  A senseless flirt from toe to crown,
An over-dressed, conceited cat,
  Was once the nicest girl in town?

T. L. D.

———

THE TWO VOICES

O MAIDEN mine, my gentle Liz!
No other have I loved but you!
(This untruth obviously is
  Your due).

All other charmers will I shun,
And bask me only in your love
(This lie is finer than the one
  Above).

All Heav'n is centred in your laugh,
And smiles within your eyes so brown
(Your weekly chocolates cost me half
  A crown).

You love "The Only Way," and then
You dote on Tree and Seymour Hicks
(I find this totals up to ten
  And six).

You love a Prima Donna's song,
Each dance demands your fairy toe
(My fees, of course, are squandered long
Ago).

You really must not catch a chill,
I'll muff and glove you 'gainst the wet
(I'm deep in love—and deeper still
In debt).

'Tis Christmas! Let the goose be cleft!
Bring wine—and mistletoe as well
(I see I've not a text-book left
To sell).

You are my Queen of Joy and Peace,
Too dear to me to be forgot
(Upon the whole, I'd better cease
This rot).

CAURNIE.

IMITATION OF HORACE (iii. 26)

I've had my time among the girls, and must
  Have in erotic verse excelled the ruck;
But now behind your ear, my Venus-bust,
  I slide my pen, for luck.

"Love still has something of the sea." (Hear, hear!
  I often quote this couplet to the fair.)
What Sedley meant by *something*, don't appear.
  (Was it the *mal de mer?*).

Perpend. Love placed in Polly's hand a torch;
  She tossed it by, and mine the heart it lit on.
The poems I composed would almost scorch
  The paper they were writ on.

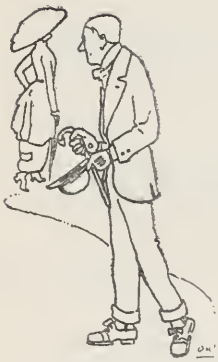
She praised 'em. Now, thought I, to uncork the question!
  (Thrice I had done't before, and felt quite equal
To the quip modest, even from her, the best one
  Of Eve's kind.) Mark the sequel.

When I had roared like any sucking dove,
  And roared you then like lion in a rough rage,
She said, "You must (or forfeit all my love)
  Strive, vote for women's suffrage."

O Aphrodite, how thy hundred altars
  Crumble, thy pillars from their base unfix!
Helen could fly from Hellas, but ne'er falters
  Polly in politics!

BEDA.

CAUSE AND EFFECT



When Dolly Varden frowns on me,
It doesn't cut me like a knife;
I call no gods to note that she
Has banished sunshine from my life.
But, speaking as a man who sat
The logic class for his Degree,
I always feel distinctly flat,
When Dolly Varden frowns on me.

When Dolly greets me with a smile,
My worries do not lose their sting,
I have no wish to run a mile,
Or dance a grateful Highland fling.
All truths are trivial and trite,
And seldom lend themselves to style,
But I've a better appetite,
When Dolly greets me with a smile.

When Dolly chose to cut me dead
(I don't know why, but that's all one),
No scalding tears were mine to shed,
No thoughts to go and buy a gun;

I did not wither like a flower,
  But, if the simple truth were said,
I had the hump for half an hour,
  When Dolly chose to cut me dead.

When Dolly's lips one night I kissed,
  Earth, sea, and sky did not go bang;
The winds were not for wonder whist—
  They didn't seem to care a hang;
The moon continued still to glide
  Serene behind a bank of mist,
But I felt *so* self-satisfied,
  When Dolly's lips one night I kissed.

T. L. D.

A COMPLIMENT

My Celia's lips excel the rose,
  Whose hidden sweets the June-bee sips;
More gracefully curved than Cupid's bows—
  My Celia's lips.

Away with dull poetic scrips,
  And rhapsodies in twisted prose,
Descriptions of her ladyship's

Each movement, act, remark, and pose,
  I know two charms which quite eclipse
The most profusely praised of those—
  My Celia's lips.

A. B.

MAID OF CASTILE

Maid of Castile, from o'er the sea,
  At first I could but ill conceal
My love, for thou wert all to me,
        Maid of Castile.

Now, fare thee well, since I must kneel
  A constant slave whilst thou art free,
And since I must not dare to steal

A single kiss; I quite agree
  Some hearts are frigid, yet I feel,
Mine is not such, and thine must be
        Made of Cast Steel.

H. P. S.

A REFLECTION

O Woman, in our darkest hours
How well we know thy soothing powers,
Thou art our Sun.
Alike in palace or in hut
Thou art a Heaven-sent blessing—but
You do look silly when you run.

Jeeps.

THE BALLAD OF AN OUTCAST

["A Londoner, on his first introduction to Glasgow society, cannot fail to be impressed by the bitter feeling that exists between the residents in different suburbs."—*Vide* a London daily.]

Your eyes were sweet forget-me-nots,
  Your lips were roses red;
And fairer hair was never coiled
  Upon more shapely head.

Those eyes have often smiled on me,
  Those lips been pressed to mine;
I still can see that dainty head—
  A memory divine.

It seems a hundred years ago
  I met you at a dance;
I flashed a look towards a nook,
  You answered with a glance.

We talked at first of tennis, and
  The wit of R. G. Knowles;
Then wandered on to Plato and
  Affinity of Souls.

We turned his theory inside out
  And voted it was tame;
I promptly filled the spaces in
  Your programme with my name.

Next day by strange coincidence
  We met upon the street
(I'd paced it for an hour like a
  Policeman on the beat).

We went for tea to Cranston's, and
  We talked the time away;
I asked you, as I took your hand,
  "Pray, tell me where you stay?"

* * * * * * * * *

No love so fond as break the bond
  That keeps us two apart;
For you abide in Kelvinside
  While I stay—in Cathcart.

STAN LEIGH.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

IN Glasgow town the Evening Star
  Shines ever with a misty sheen;
The samples of the Deodar
  Are rather few and far between;
  And so, while gas and kerosene
Alone of all the stars survive,
  Our trysting tree has always been
The corner lamp in Onslow Drive.

No captious disputations mar
  The pleasant meetings we convene,
With threats of cord or scimitar;
  My only reason for chagrin
  Is that the lamp-post's jealous spleen
At no caresses will connive—
  No kindly cloud-banks ever screen
The corner lamp in Onslow Drive.

Doubtless our fairy land is far
  From being a "superb demesne";
The roses of our gardens are
  All make-believe, except their Queen;
  And yet the charms of seventeen
Lend a dear grace to all alive,
  Even round that familiar scene,
The corner lamp in Onslow Drive.

  Princess, tho' winter airs be keen
And treacherous, we may still contrive
  To meet beneath our "ray serene,"
The corner lamp in Onslow Drive.

R. B.

A TRIOLET TRIO

I.

Ah, there she passes again,
I really must learn to rink.
You feel a bit out of it when,
Ah, there she passes again,
The floor's almost covered with men,
And you stand alone on the brink.
Ah, there she passes again,
I really must learn to rink.

II.

There's no use getting wild,
All that's wanted is practice.
Though she certainly smiled
There's no use getting wild;
Wear the look that is mild
When you trip, for the fact is
There's no use getting wild,
All that's wanted is practice.

III.

Don't you think, Rosalie,
I will do for a partner?
Yes, I *can* skate. Just see!

Don't you think, Rosalie,
You'd be quite safe with me?
Come, or we'll make a start ne'er.

* * * * * * * * *

Don't you think, Rosalie,
I will do for a partner.

KNOKU.

NEXT DOOR

OVER the wall, a hat sublime
Half hides a face, clear cut and small—
Which I've been watching for some time
Over the wall.

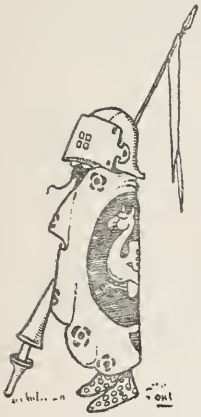
If folk are to be friends at all,
There is no sense in brick and lime—
One question holds my heart in thrall:

Would she condone a poet's crime
In making a burglarious call—
Would she be vexed if I should climb
Over the wall?

R. B.

The Glasgow Undergraduate Reflective

A LIVING DOG



King Arthur ruled the land, he did;
His lance was keen, his right arm strong,
His aim (ostensibly) to rid
The world or thereabouts of wrong.
He was a wight of high degree,
And knew how many beans make five,
But now he's not a patch on me,
For he is dead and I'm alive.

For Milo and his morning walk
I own to admiration; it
Would doubtless cause no end of talk
If he were matched with Hackenschmidt;
But, though some records once he made
At which I never can arrive,
To-day I flout him unafraid,
For he is dead and I'm alive.

The brain that lodged in Homer's head
May have outweighed by half a stone
The one which kindly friends have said
Has made its dwelling in my own;
And through his burning heart divine
What fiery dreams were wont to drive!
Cold are they now compared with mine,
For he is dead and I'm alive.

And all the gay deceased of old—
  The wise, the generous, the good,
The poet sage, the warrior bold,
  The man of brain, the man of blood—
Their songs, I grant, were wild and free,
  To match their deeds I would not strive,
But put your money, boys, on me,
  For they are dead and I'm alive.

T. L. D.

LUX MALIGNA

O LIGHT that, shining on my way,
Dost charge my breast with livid fears,
Turning my night to heavy day
Which no dream charms, no vision cheers,

Away! and when beyond the West
Thy beams unwelcome fade and fly,
When, lapped in shadow, the unrest
And glitter of the daytime die,

Then shall my peace of soul be made,
Then shall I drift, where none can mark,
Through idle lengths of dreamland shade,
And laugh my fill beneath the dark.

T. L. D.

CONSOLATION

When Lady Fortune sulks and proves unkind,
  Pray recollect ere thou hast breathed a curse,
She might with ease if so she felt inclined,
  Be worse.

If little Dick, joy of his pa's demesne,
  Attempt thy digs' destruction with his din,
Why swear? Forget'st thou Richard might have been
  A twin?

Though thou his ma's displeasure shouldst incur
  Plus a request to "pay on Monday sure,"
Smile the glad smile! She can't impound thy fur—
  Niture.

What though thy ship refuse persistently
  To come to port? Repine not at thy lot!
Hie thee to Sime's, where tomes "no use to thee"
  Are bought.

Mayhap the maid that had thee on a string
  Hath smiled on some one in a way that's strange!
Bid her adieu! Thou'lt soon be relishing
  The change.

And though to Greek or Moral thou must go,
  While still kind Morpheus broods o'er half the town,
At least none see what thou hast on below
  Thy gown.

Knoku.

MY VIEW

Of all our bardlings what a sorry lot
Find nothing in this planet to enthuse on,
And croak as if they'd permanently got
"The blues" on.

What though the wintry blasts blow rude and rough,
Or fickle Fortune wheel, and veer, and caper,
As yet 'tis inadvisable to snuff
Life's taper.

I do not want to "cease upon the air,"
One never knows where fickle breezes blow to,
Hamlet himself was muddled as to where
To go to.

I do not want to wander far away,
Where folks career about without their things on;
Besides, I know I'd look a perfect jay
With wings on.

For I at least want little here below—
Mens sana (which I have) et corpus sanum,
A wife or two, a thousand pounds or so
Per annum;

A cottage by the sea (which seems as good a
  Conception as our mortal wit can well rear,
With things around to taste (which must include a
    Hotel near).

There in the summer, when the suns are ripe,
  Give me a shady garden by the river,
Where I may rest and puff a peaceful pipe
    For ever.

But let that be—as I remarked above—
  Life still has pleasant fields enough to trek in;
As yet we need not seek a noose to shove
    Our neck in.

At least such is the pleasant view I take,
  Though neither saint nor unrepentant sinner,
And meanwhile, I suppose, I'd better make
    For dinner.

CAURNIE.

A BALLADE OF OPTIMISM

THE days are mostly wet,
  The nights are always drear,
The gods are in a pet,
  Tobacco's very dear;
  The factions rave and jeer,
The tumults daily grow;
  But still we're piping here
"Are we downhearted? No!"

Although Misfortune's net
  Is spreading far and near,
Although the Furies whet
  Their darts with fiendish leer,
  Although we've had no beer
For half a day or so,
  We drop no useless tear—
Are we downhearted? No!

Beneath the sickly jet
  Our jaded eyelids blear,
And yet the papers set
  For us are strangely queer;
  But mid the social cheer
Where mirth and music flow
  You'll find us, never fear—
Are we downhearted? No!

We've lost our every bet
  For many a weary year,
Till quite a princely debt
  We've now contrived to rear;
  Yet though we mean to clear
Our feet before we go,
  No grounds for haste appear—
Are we downhearted? No!

  When from this changeful sphere
We glide on ghostly toe,
  Then other orbs shall hear
"Are we downhearted? No!"

CAURNIE.

A BALLADE TO THE CRITIC

"Ods life! must one swear to the truth of a song?"
—*Prior.*

I ADMIT, gentle critic, your statements are true,
That my words and my deeds do not always agree;
That often I show no intention to do
The things that in verses "I swear on the knee."
But somehow or other I feel your decree
Is simply absurd, and your censure is wrong.
I vowed but in licence what never can be—
Ods life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

I may sing about Bacchus or Bass & Co.'s brew,
Or praise the red wine of the Southern Sea,
Yet *perhaps* I am sitting the whole evening through
Without tasting anything other than tea;
I have sung of a glorious out-and-out spree,
At which all the drinks were decidedly strong;
I said one was "merry," but I was not he—
Ods life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

I have sung of a maiden whose eyes are as blue
As the glorious heavens above Arcadie;
And yet, gentle critic, if you only knew,
A dark-eyed young damsel's the damsel for me—
At least she is one of a possible three.
(I'm afraid that I'll hear about this before long;
For think you they'll listen to any such plea—
Ods life! must one swear to the truth of a song?)

Envoy.

Still, some day, Sir Critic, I may sing of thee,
" The wit of some learned and jovial throng " ;
Then know that the verse had let satire go free,
Ods life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

H. P. S.

TO TIME

Go, Time, and where the sage mature
With miser zeal each hour employs,
Where pessimistic sports ensure
What youth, and youth alone, enjoys.

There boom your bleaching recipe,
Exploit your wrinkle-writers there,
There sour and sadden. As for me,
While heaven is far and earth is fair,

O many a midnight rouse sublime,
And many a noonday blithe and blue
Shall come my way or ever, Time,
I care a tuppenny toss for you!

For in my veins such virtue is,
  There leaps within me, morn by morn,
Such rare capacity for bliss
  As laughs your vaunted might to scorn.

T. L. D.

HOPE

My days are drifting on the rocks,
  My views are growing stale and tame,
And here and there among my locks
  A white prospector stakes his claim.

To me, till one brief year ago
  So fortified about and fenced,
Earth, sea, and sky combine to show
  The facts I now am up against.

But sometimes when, as one apart,
  I mock my flagging breast and brain,
There sparks a plug within my heart,
  And, bless you, I'm a blood again!

T. L. D.

FRAGMENT

I REMEMBER, I remember
  Nothing further after that,
But I wakened in the morning
  On an alien lobby mat,
And I felt not unpersuaded
  (Though my reasons were not clear)
That I'd spent a merry Christmas
  And a prosperous New Year.

CAURNIE.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

WHAT's in a name? I quite agree
  There may be nothing, all the same,
The question's often put to me—
        What's in a name?

And not so long ago, it came
  Before my notice there might be
A little more than empty frame:

For then I joined the L.R.V.,
  I tried to shoot, and then, oh, shame!
I very quickly came to see
        What's in an aim.

H. P. S.

SIX YEARS AGO

SIX years ago I was a stew,
  My life was wearisome and slow;
I had not touched a billiard cue
        Six years ago.

But now, i' faith, I hardly know
  How ever I contrived to do
The many things I've done; and though
  My honours, I admit, are few,
One thing, at least, I have to show,
  Is that exam. I once got through
        Six years ago.

H. P. S.

THE SAME AGAIN

There's nothing new beneath the sun;
  The deepest thoughts of saint or sage
Are really, when all's said and done,
  Mere echoes from a former age.
The cares at which our fathers swore
  Are those which make their sons profane;
The world's a chestnut, evermore
  The same old story o'er again.

The latest jokes and newest rhymes
  That please the palates of to-day
Were known in pre-Noahian times
  As cribbed from ancient history.
The lectures that our grandsires heard
  Had caused *their* grandsires equal pain,
And now we're hearing, word for word,
  The same old story o'er again.

All phases of the human mind,
  All Nature's moods, each sight and sound,
Have been permuted and combined
  In every mode that can be found.
And theologians on the loose
  Will seek for novelty in vain;
They only can and must produce
  The same old story o'er again.

And here within the Empire Bar
  I list to a debate upon
A bright, unprecedented star,
  Who takes the stage with little on;
I hold my peace as best I can,
  But if the idiots were sane—
(What's that? My tipple? Thanks, old man,
  The same old story o'er again!)

T. L. D.

EPICUREAN

The wind is blowing freely up the Firth;
  Primed with neat ozone from the far Atlantic,
I live again through recent sunburnt mirth,
  Feeling, meanwhile, exceedingly romantic.
Once more I hear the call of sun and salt,
  Once more, although dyspeptic, feast my eyes on
The summer sea, the star-enveloped vault,
  And one fair face half-hiding the horizon.

Ough! shut the door. Outside the streets are bare,
  The wind, grown chill, seems spoiling for a battle;
I do not want free life, I hate fresh air,
  Still more I'd hate a canter after cattle.
Give me the confines of a chirping fire,
  A seasoned pipe, a friend to keep a chair for,
And old romance of slaughter and desire,
  And you can have whatever else you care for.

So be my passing. What can better please,
  When winter sets the universe a-sneezing,
Than life indoors at blithe and blissful ease?—
  (I look on hell as comfortless and freezing.)
Let others shiver in the fight for power,
  Where chances of success are slim and slender;
Be it but mine to slack from hour to hour,
  Toasting my toes and timbers by the fender;

Excepting, maybe, when on Friday nights,
  Remote from vapid 'Varsity decorum,
Beyond the range of prying looks and lights,
  Far from the stir of thoroughfare and forum,
Serenely through the nipping dark I go
  With one whose cheek, incarnadined and rosy,
Whose comfortable lip's infectious glow,
  Warming as wine, would make an iceberg cosy.

T. L. D.

GREAT THOUGHTS

Dialectic Bores.

"ALL the world's a stage" is quite
  A common third-rate observation.
But why did the Creator write
  A speaking part for all creation?

* * * * * * * * *

Socialism.

This world is but a fleeting show,
  And where fate sets us each must sit.
The stalls arrayed in portly row,
  Reap the rich curses of the pit.

* * * * * * * * *

On Work.

Hail! joys that in the wine-cup lurk,
  The pleasures of convivial nights.
Let who will claim the right to work,
  I would not rob him of his rights.

* * * * * * * * *

Facilis est——

Tall oak from acorn, bread from dough,
  This law applies to everything.
As many sad examples show,
  Great oaths from little curses spring.

* * * * * * * * *

The Christian Virtues.

Of these 'tis said that greater far
  Is charity than faith or hope.
But without faith how few there are
  Who see much through a microscope.

* * * * * * * * *

ZIPH.

FATE

As one who goes, all smiles and nerves,
  To meet remote from human ken
  His own selected specimen
Of that which but the brave deserves;

Resplendent in his gladdest togs
  He slips outside and scans the sky,
  Then starts to curse like mad. For why?
It raineth simply cats and dogs.

So when my schemes are going pat,
  And I would grasp the skirts of Chance,
  Comes the sad hand of Circumstance
And dumps me briskly on the mat.

T. L. D.

FOR CHOICE

Sages sacred and profane
  Nail this dogma to the mast:
Pleasures have for relish pain,
  Feasts an antecedent fast;
All of which, with judgment ripe,
I consider utter tripe.

Give me skies for ever blue,
  Breakfasts uniformly warm,
Ties that never go askew,
  Friends consistently in form,
Every good by me enjoyed
Absolutely unalloyed.

T. L. D.

BALLADE OF GOOD RESOLUTIONS

I've done
  With spright
Ly fun
  And bright;
  Last night
I swore
  To fight
No more.

Ive gone
  But slight-
Ly on
  The Skite;
  Contrite,
I'll roar
  And smite
No more.

I'll shun
  Delight,
Though none
  Got quite
  As tight
Of yore—
  Poor wight,
No more!

My flight
  Is o'er;
I'll write
  No more.

R. B.

The Glasgow Undergraduate And the Works of Nature

M

ARRAN

AN ODE TO IT

Majestic Isle! we hail thy distant shore—
From off a steamer which is somewhat late;
We hail thee through the rain, which makes it more
Appropriate.

We hail thy glorious mountains once again
From end to end, then backwards and across!
Thy shores, where maidens languish and where men
Play pitch and toss.

As when the golden rockets in the night,
Bursting, illumine all the skies, and draw
From out the crowd, astounded at the sight,
The exulting "Aw!"

So, when thy hills appear upon the lee,
We wonder if our vision still is sound,
Or if we've gone too often just to see
The wheels go round.

O! lovely, beautiful, etcetera land!
  Where could we find a haven half so dear?
Or one where you pay tuppence if you *stand*
  Upon the pier?

Thy glens are just as wild as wild can be—
  When filled with Saturday-to-Monday crowds—
Thy hills are higher than a man can see—
  When thick with clouds.

Thy natives are "the hardy sons of toil,"
  A certain writer lately had it so;
He *may* have seen them "till the hopeless soil"
  For all we know.

At least they prove that miracles are true;
  For twenty pounds a month we can have sheds,
With "four apartments, kitchen, bathroom, too,
  And fifteen beds!"

"Three minutes from the pier," and close beside
  The rolling sea, or sometimes just about
A mile away—according as the tide
  Is in or out.

In short, thou art a wonder to the eyes!
  A star performance by the immortal gods!
Or else the worthy poets tell us lies—
  And what's the odds?

* * * * * * * * *

So, *au revoir;* we may return once more;
  For when the summer holidays begin
We'll take the boat, and, passing by thy shore,
  We may drop in. H. P. S.

RONDEAU OF SUMMER

'Tis summer just now in the glen,
  And the woodbird is piping its lay;
Ev'ry valley and river and ben
  Grows young with the promise of May.

And the sunbeams have come back to play
  On the grass and the water again;
Till, chased by some cloudlet, they cry, on their way,
  "'Tis summer just now in the glen."

All Nature is blythe as the wren,
  And its voice chants aloud to the day;
For the thick-bearing field sings the praises of men,
  And the woodbird is piping its lay,

And the blue sky is nevermore grey,
  And there's joy in the wretchedest fen;
As though there'd been touched by the wand of some fay
  Ev'ry valley and river and ben.

And when summer is over, and when
  The old year has seen its decay,
A new one leaps forward, and ev'ry man then
  Grows young with the promise of May.

So whoe'er views the end with dismay,
  Let him keep to his valueless ken,
I'll but think of to-day, I'll be careless and gay,
  As I write, with my sprite of a pen,
    "'Tis summer just now."

A. B.

FOOD POEMS

No. I.—A DEFENCE OF EATING

VERY many pleasant drinks
  Irrigate this vale of woe,
But the writer often thinks
  Food, the humble and the low,
Hasn't that devoted praise
That its merits ought to raise.

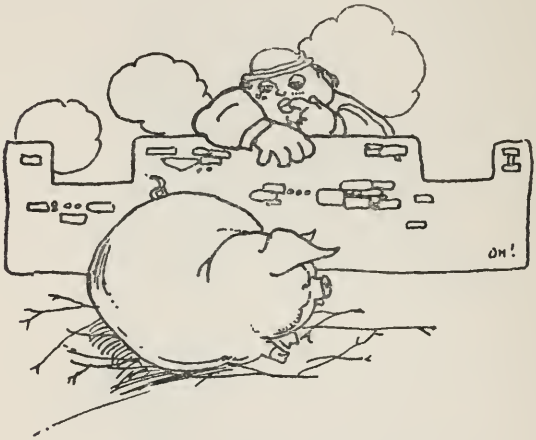
Burgundy, or beer, or hock,
  Curaçca, absinthe, gin,
Revellers to these may flock;
  Food is my besetting sin,
Could I tread it under foot
How my latent wings would shoot.

Literary folks have long
  Chanted fulsomely of wine,
Sung intoxication's song,
  Worshipped Bacchus as divine.
Paleolithic men were right,
'Twas on food that they got tight.

And we have some little ground
  For these praises of the plate,
We that scale two hundred pound,
  We are gentlemen of weight.
Let the vulgar people chaff,
We shall have the latest laugh.

For our ancestors have fought
  Slowly up the weary way,
And with blood this room is bought
  For our standing place to-day.
We hold off the hosts of Life
With the deadly fork and knife.

So once more close up your ranks,
  Tackle the thrice daily fight,
We shall have but little thanks
  Save our consciousness of right.
But we keep this breathing space
Safe for all the human race. PARVUS.



No. II.—AN ODE TO THE PIG

The pig is not a handsome creature,
And has but one redeeming feature;
Its eye is sensual and keen,
Its nose is mucous and obscene,
Its ears are large and pink and hairy,
Its body oblong, wobbly, glairy;
Alive it is a loathsome beast,
But, dead, provides a toothsome feast.
When monarchs dine, the boar's head bristly
Is borne in, cold, and dead, and gristly
The simple farmer eats pig's feet,
And revels in this rustic treat;

The middle class loves ham and eggs,
And as cold ham consumes its legs;
In pies it lurks from human ken,
But heroes beard it in its den;
But sausages can guard the dead,
For Waddell, pitying, gives us bread.

PARVUS.

No. III.—SESTETTE TO FISH

LET us praise the humble fish,
Though not all that one could wish,
'Tis an inexpensive dish—
Pisces Benedicite.

Whiles when us ill fortune scuppers,
Prowl we Sauchie on our uppers,
Kind friends stand Adelphi suppers—
Pisces Benedicite.

Though the casual Govan herring
Warns us by a sense unerring
That the dead need but interring—
Pisces Benedicite.

Taken fresh and all unspotted,
Rolled in vinegar and potted,
O, it tickles the parotid—
Pisces Benedicite.

Gone Rectorials' great issues,
Gone the fried and midnight fishes,
Balm they brought to craving tissues—
Pisces Benedicite.

Fishes boiled or fishes fried,
Fishes sailing in the tide,
Or decently interred inside—
Pisces Benedicite.

PARVUS.

No. IV.—MEDITATION AMONG THE TOMBS

I THINK that I should like to sing of pies,
On them one gazes with a wild surmise,
Like to stout Cortes out in Darien
(Some of us, too, are stout, though younger men).

But I feel better than those men of Spain
Others had seen before, would see again
The great Pacific; whereas none but I
Did previously penetrate that placid pie.

Strange beasts may lurk around its central cup,
Bovrilised behemoth or succulent pup;
It is romantic that this may be so,
If it is true I do not wish to know.

The morbid mind may thus be fascinate,
Thus querying what lies dead upon its plate,
But it is Nature, and it must be good,
And anyway, we hunger—it is food.

So in the pie grave lessons we may find,
Excitement, too, with nourishment combined,
Our Paleolithic friends gorged mammoth raw,
A riskier zest than this from food we draw.

PARVUS.

No. V.—BUTTER

I SIMPLY bow down before butter,
  Though it's not very nice taken neat.
I simply bow down before butter
And I frequently fervently mutter
That I think it too utterly utter,
And surpassing all things as a sweet;
I simply bow down before butter,
  Though it's not very nice taken neat.

PARVUS.

No. VI.—A CONSIDERATION OF THE SHEEP AS AN EDIBLE

I.

The sheep can boast a placid mind,
At times it gives a plaintive bleat:
But for the most it is resigned
To live and move as butcher meat.

A tiger is not such a fool,
And even the elusive goat
Treats with disdain the golden rule,
Ah, friend, the dumb creation note.
For quiet, unassuming men
Get into trouble like the rest;
Imposed on, like the anxious hen,
They feed the spoilers of their nest.

II.

Cutlets.

O daintily should these be praised
In villanelles of lively tune;
They make us joyously amazed
As at some fresh Immortal's boon.

Men cull them from a silver grill,
  And gaily prank them out for lunch
And in the plenteous garden still
  Of dinner they can beat the bunch.

For lunch it is a nosegay fair,
  Dinner an edible bouquet,
And penny cakes are maiden hair
  To twine the festive feaster's day.

Fair are the little brooks of soup,
  And macaroni sweetly twines;
But ah! amid the fragrant troop,
  How sweet the frilly cutlet shines.

III.

Spring Lamb.

And then,
Ah!
One comes to spring lamb.
How does it caress the palate like the soft leaves
    stroking the fair fresh cheeks of April.
Moreover, it has in its fibres
The upspringing force of the year,
As it inundates the fields
With roaring cataracts of hungry green.

Antony
And Cleopatra
Rent an empire in twain
For oysters,
Boars,

Gilded peacocks,
And similar gustatory vanities;
Alas, and ahimé,
Had they but known of lamb,
How would the whirling halves of a world in sunder
be rocketing through the gloom.

PARVUS.

No. VII.—DINNER

THE dinner ends, the lights are low,
And mellowly about the plates
One lounges, languidly and slow,
And briefly thanks the restive Fates.

For that we had a feast so rare,
With frequent courses, rich or plain,
And entrées, too, and Heather Dew,
And soles and oysters and champagne.

Oh! breakfast is a pleasant meal
When ham and eggs caress the tongue,
And eagerly from work we steal,
When bells for casual teas are rung.

But dinner! Ah, to thee we owe
More than to soldier, sage, or saint,
This bulk that hides my inward glow
Asserts the honour of my plaint.

PARVUS.

No. VIII.—A LITTLE DITTY ON MEAT-EATING MAN

This song is of ages and ages ago,
When the hippos. could walk from Sahara to Troon
And the twenty-foot bears basked in front of their lairs,
And the Gilmorehill dingo-dogs bayed at the moon.

For long we lived on nuts and fruits,
And died with every season's dearth,
Backward we glanced and grubbed for roots,
A bait for every beast on earth.

The grass and leaves were ours to hunt,
Our blood flowed watery as theirs,
But now we show a bolder front,
And four-legged food finds newer cares.

Low growl the panther and the bear,
When our pack-cry comes down the breeze,
We've crunched their bones in many a lair,
Since we climbed off our soft-fruit trees.

And now the race has tasted blood,
  And started out to kill and eat,
Let the slow cattle chew the cud,
  But we climb upwards—after meat.

PARVUS.

LAUS TABACI

I.—INVOCATION

I CALL no Muses from Parnassus Hill
  (If that is where they dwell—I'm not quite sure).
But leisurely proceed my pipe to fill
  With rich tobacco mellow and mature.

Dame Nicotine, I crave no earthly gear,
  No pride of purse or place will e'er be mine;
Full well I know thy gifts alone can cheer,
  The gifts I hourly crave before thy shrine.

More than the lover in his lady's eyes,
  More than the godlings of the latter years,
Sole guardian of the only paradise,
  Whose shrine alone is unbedewed by tears,

Grant me thy Plant Divine, oh goddess strong,
  An easy chair, or sun-kissed grassy slope;
Then heedless shall I hear the skylark's song,
  Nor with the rarest nightingale elope.

From ruddy morning till the greying night
  I'll waft the Red man's incense to the sky,
Dream o'er the wreathing glories in their flight,
  And trace Time's mysteries with Wisdom's eye.

Then through the cloudland of the fragrant haze
  I see again my boyhood's summer smile,
The merry souls that lit the bygone days,
  The angel faces loved and lost awhile.

Let topers sing the solace of the bowl,
  And glory when the vineyard's store is ripe;
What know they of the fulness of the soul
  Who know not the enchantment of the pipe?

Grant me thy grace, and I will suffer life,
  Steadfastly toil and upwards aye aspire,
And carry with me, in my heavenward strife,
  Tobacco, matches, and a seasoned briar.

CAURNIE.

II.—A BALLADE OF THE BRIAR

LET others call the Muses nine
  To hear and help them sing aright
Of storied war or love or wine,
  And oft-told tales again recite,
  I, though, of course, I would not slight
The classic maids of long repute,
  To later sages would indite
The comforts of a Briar-root.

Of all the gods, Dame Nicotine
  Alone remains with lasting might,
The glories of Jove's lofty line
  Have faded from Olympus' height.

Valhalla's Hall, no more bedight
With mirth, now hears no frolic foot,
But still there stands the chief delight,
The comforts of a Briar-root.

I whimper at no fabled shrine,
Nor throb at Fortune's reckless flight,
But my expectant lips entwine
Full closely round the amber bright,
And, till the Clerk no longer write
The Record I would fain confute,
I'll seek all through my earthly fight
The comforts of a Briar-root.

So now, as autumn days decline,
And bleak November's breezes blight,
I view again old joys of mine
That memory brings to pensive sight,
And grant the cigarette is light
And handy; nor do I dispute
Cigars have charms, but—they're not quite
The comforts of a Briar-root.

Smokers, who know my words are trite
And hold my theme no longer moot,
Receive a lay that would requite
The comforts of a Briar-root.

CAURNIE.

A BALLADE OF BALDNESS

At nap I never take a hand;
My strongest drink is lemonade,
And Amaryllis, understand,
To me is quite a foreign jade;
From righteousness I've never strayed,
At dinner, music-hall, or hop,
Yet, surer than a spade's a spade,
I'm getting thinner on the top.

Ah! gone is now the goodly band
Of chestnut locks I once displayed;
No cure of all the cures I planned
Their "*Ave atque vale*" stayed;
As leaves in Vallombrosa's shade
(Since Milton's day) for ever drop,
So hourly is my forelock frayed;
I'm getting thinner on the top,—

But not alone—there's Sutherland
(Whose Union sub. is still unpaid),
Wallace, and Williamson the bland;
And Howat, sober-suited blade;
Gray, who with futile Tatcho sprayed
His glabrous dome, still waits a crop—
With such a large, select brigade
I'm getting thinner on the top.

Princess, alone and undismayed
I swill my modest ginger pop,
Although, as I've already said,
I'm getting thinner on the top.

CAURNIE.

LINES ON THE MUDFISH

[At this date the Lepidosiren of the Zoological Department, brought from South America some years before, was still obstinately refusing to take any nourishment whatever.]

UNVEXED it wallowed in its mellow mud,
When none yet deemed it worth his while to tramp a
Few thousand leagues across alternate flood
And pampa.

It dozed beneath the genial tropic sun,
With but its nose above the blue horizon,
As staid an animal as ever one
Set eyes on.

No missionary trod that favoured strand,
Apostles of the Scientific Spirit
As yet stretched forth no sacrilegious hand
To stir it.

In short, it led the very simple life,
And only rarely left its drumlie waters
To go a-promenading with its wife
And daughters.

But altered ages brought their altered ways,
When Darwin taught the stronger rule the meeker,
And mighty grew the nimble hand that sways
The "seeker."

Then there were loosed that red right-handed band,
Who to Phylogeny (whatever that is)
Did sacrifice its ancient Lares and
Penates.

And now, alas! its wonted pool is still,
Its prime is past, its glory is departed,
For o'er the deep to stately Gilmorehill
'Twas carted.

Brave Jamieson is warder of the bowl
Wherein it pines and dreams remembered glories,
Though Brannigan its woes would fain console
With stories.

It will not eat: in vain they bring it snails
And toothsome titbits: and it weak and faint is.
It has refused and still refuses pails
Of dainties.

Lepidosiren! I remember yet
How much I loved your brother (in his bottle);
Eat, and be seasonably merry! wet
Your throttle!

CAURNIE.

CAMP CAROLS

I. DUET—"THE POET AND THE CYNIC"

The Poet—

Oh, my comrade, can't you hear
the camp a-calling,
Can't you hear the merry music
of the breeze,
And the murmur of the stream
for ever falling,
And the rustling of the bracken
and the trees?
As you smoke a pipe o' nights in
meditation,
When the sordid city day has
claimed its toll,
Does the ceaseless traffic's dull reiteration
Not remind you of the breakers' sullen roll?

The Cynic—

Yes, my Poet, I can hear the camp a-calling,
And the rattle of the raindrops loud and long,
And the customary corncrake caterwauling,
And the language of the "comrades" getting
strong.
To idealise decidedly your right is,
But, though camping days are all you say they are,
They're occasionally followed by bronchitis,
Influenza, indigestion, and catarrh.

The Poet—

Oh, my Cynic, I regret that you are biassed;
  And you doubtless think your verse is very neat
In the manner of a Calverley, (were I asked,
  I should call it rather shaky on its feet).
Have you really lost the mem'ry of the moonlight,
  And the yarns we spun around the faggot fire,
Till the stars grew ever paler and the soon light
  Of the dawn revealed the hills of far Kintyre?

The Cynic—

You'll conclude, if I'm unmoved by your persuasion,
  That I lack the finer feelings of a wilk;
But I'd like you to remember the occasion
  When you tried to scramble eggs with Nestlé's milk,
And the other time you put the baking soda
  (Which you thought was sifted sugar) in the brew;
And perhaps you will exhibit in your ode a
  Less romantic and more truthful point of view.

P—I remember how we paid our court to Nature;
C—(Though she soaked and slapped us soundly half the time)
P—How our laws were framed by Freedom's Legislature;
C—(And in consequence the chaos was sublime).
P—I am *sick* of your iconoclastic jingle,
C—Don't you think you'd better *leave* the thing to me?
P—Let's abandon this duet and try a single,
C—In the interests of friendship, I agree.

STAN LEIGH.

II.—THE ARRIVAL

THERE was Academic Arty and Lawd Chawlie in a suit
That petrified the porter on the pier;
And Arty brought the baggage, and Lawd Chawlie brought his flute,
And the Present Scribe was bringing up—the rear.

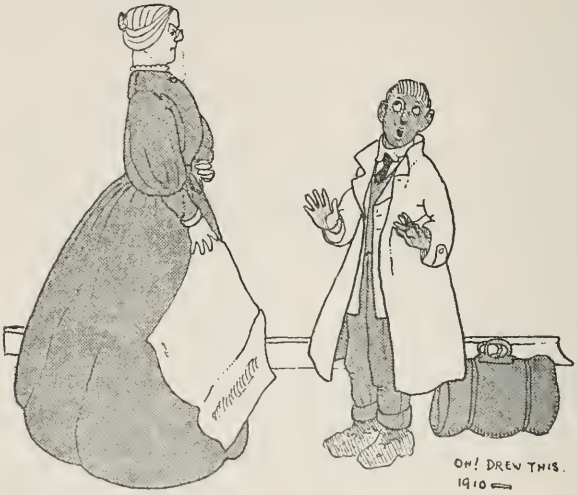
Now, a piece of private pasture was selected in a trice,
  And Lawd Chawlie with the mallet buckled to,
And Arty stuck the tent-pole through the ventilator twice,
  While the Present Scribe advised them what to do.

Then forcibly they argued that "it wasn't *very* damp"
  (Be the minutes of the meeting reckoned read),
And Arty gave a lecture on "a communistic camp,"
  While the Present Scribe annexed the only bed.

Now, at supper-time Lawd Chawlie did his direst with the food,
  And opined that we would fall to with a will;
And Arty, out of kindness, said he thought it very good,
  While the Present Scribe agreed (but took a pill).

When they settled for their slumbers Arty happened on a groove,
  While Lawd Chawlie had to balance on a ridge,
Yet from ten o'clock till breakfast-time *they* never made a move,
  But the Present Scribe was bullied by a midge.

CAURNIE.



III.—HOME AGAIN

To Mother

Yes, I used the extra overcoat you sent,
  And for blankets I'd enough to make me smother,
But I didn't need the oilskin *in* the tent—
  Oh, no, mother!

Yes, it's true I had no change of underwear,
  But I borrowed some from Jimmy Thomson's
    brother,
He was staying in a cottage quite near there—
  Oh, yes, mother!

No, we really never worried at the storm;
In the evenings? Well—er—we read to one another,
Or conversed on—University reform—
Oh, *yes*, mother!

Yes, we've all enjoyed the camping very well,
It's a finer life, I think, than any other.
What? It's cheaper to put up at an hotel?
Oh, *no*, mother!

STAN LEIGH.

A BALLADE OF ARCADIE

FROM the world full of sorrow and pain
You have asked me to hasten away,
To forsake all its hopes that are vain,
And its trials that lead us astray,
That our lives might be peacefully gay,
As we wandered far down by the sea,
Or lingered, like children at play,
In the shade of the old apple tree.

You imagine that never again
We would wish to return to the fray?
Would we never be threatened with rain?
Would our happiness never decay?
Would there never be "some one" to pay?
Do you think we would always agree?
Would we sing till the evening was grey
In the shade of the old apple tree?

If we did, would we never complain?
  I am not very anxious to say,
As it would be a bit of a strain,
  So perhaps we had better delay.
  For how would you like me to stay
Right down through the ages with thee,
  Doing nothing but singing for aye—
"In the shade of the old apple tree"?

  Princess, then, no more let us pray
For the pleasures of fair Arcadie.
  And just fancy a cold winter's day
  In the shade of the old apple tree!

H. P. S.

O RARA AVIS

He came from some forgotten land,
  A little mavis, fat and freckled,
With coat of sombre sable and
  A fancy vest all pied and speckled;
There was about his ways and moods
  Something at once benign and awesome,
That made you think of windy woods
  And lanes ablaze with lilac blossom.

At meals he never sought to sulk;
  No; heedless of his dainty figure,
He'd polish off three times his bulk,
  Growing, meanwhile, distinctly bigger.
You would have died to see him "beg,"
  The sly, insinuating cringer;
His favourite feed was hard-boiled egg,
  Washed down, for choice, with Corry's ginger.

And he could sing—not such stale tunes
  As music-halls have made the fashion,
The quavers of cork-coloured coons,
As void of tunefulness as passion;
Ah, no; his were the real Mackay,
  Poured from a young heart primed with feeling,
Music more sweet than west winds' sigh
  When over Glasgow Green they're stealing.

But one day, tired of life in town
  (Maybe his breakfast egg was addled),
He, having found a window down,
  Unhesitatingly skedaddled;
Whither, who knows?—and while I vote
  His curt farewell extremely shabby,
Let's trust it wasn't down the throat
  Of some accommodating tabby.

T. L. D.

ODE TO A SKYLARK

Goldfinches, sparrows, owls, and linnets
Spring lightly from a British nest;
But, ah! I love the skylark best,
That sings on end for twenty minutes.
It flies so high
Up in the sky,
And sings for twenty minutes.

The trees and grass are green and sappy,
I love to stray in leafy glade;
But I'd be glad to know what made
That skylark so extremely happy.

I wish I knew,
I really do,
What made that lark so happy.

The lark, however, is not all
That could be wished, although it sings;
Its eggs are very useless things,
Because they are so fea'f'ly small,
They are not good
For breakfast food,
Because they are too small.

The lark is also—ah, well, well, I
Had better stop or else I may
Quite innocently go and stray
Into the realms of P. B. Shelley,
And I would fain
Shun the domain
Of Mr. P. Bysshe Shelley.

THE SQUID.

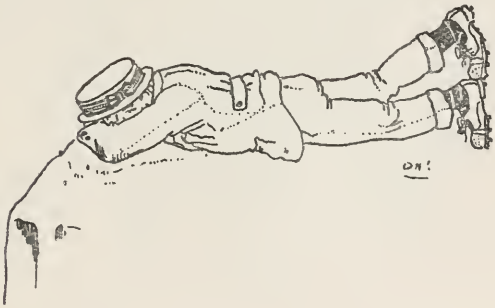
INVOCATION

TO BLACK BUN

CONGLOM'RATE thing! Stale tomb of deadly fruit!
  On thee did levin-hurling Vulcan lunch:
  Apollo ate thee; thee did Diana munch . . .
Then paled the moon, and silent grew the lute;
Racked with ambrosial pains, almighty Jove
Gulped Bacchic ginger pop in regal swills.
  ('Twas ere the age when Beecham and his pills
Against dyspepsia with Williams strove).

Thou tuck-shop king! Joy of our gourmand youth!
  What days thou mark'st, and what blood-curdling
    nights!
Nights full of shapeless things, hideous, uncouth;
  Imp follows ghoul; ghoul follows jinn, pell mell;
Fierce raisin-devils and gay currant-sprites
  Hold lightsome leap-frog in a pastry hell.

AUGUSTUS BEJANT.



BY THE SEA

THIS place is good enough for me,
  Where I can lie upon the grass
And gaze across the opal sea,
  And watch the brown-sailed luggers pass.
    Here for a fortnight I'm a fixture,
    With pounds of Latakia mixture.

The summer breeze blows cool and light,
  And catches as it passes by
Tobacco fragrance in its flight,
  And wafts it upward to the sky.
    "Have I enough?" 's my only trouble,
    "Or ought I to have taken double?"

Five miles away in yonder town
  (You see its roofs behind the sand),
The crowds applaud some drivelling clown,
  Or promenade around the band.
    And ladies, with their pretty figures,
    Stand by the sea and watch the niggers.

But here is neither band nor clown,
  I note, as on my face I lie,
The screaming gulls, the cliffs so brown,
  The blue and grey of sea and sky—
    A pleasant spot for saint or sinner;
    Shall I go home—or miss my dinner?

H. M'K.

TO THE LEUCOCYTE

HERE awa', there awa', wanderin' buddy,
Here awa', there awa', faur flees your fame;
Sune hauf the warld in your praise will gang wuddy,
Gin ye're uplifted, frien', sma' is your blame!

Here awa', there awa', folks are inventin'
A' kin' o' theories for to explain
You and your cantrips, while ithers are tentin'
Firmly to haud ye in balsam an' stain.

Here awa', there awa', some doctors tell us
Winnerfu' things o' your virtues an' po'er—
Hoo ye'd as sune eat microbes as vitellus,
Syne spue oot enzymes in gallons per 'oor.

Here awa', there awa', fine things we're hearin'—
Hoo ye jist need to be made o' an' coaxed:
Doctors noo say, when a patient comes spierin',
"Tak' nae mair Greegary, be antitoxed."

Here awa', there awa', fling awa' doses,
  "Wile this chiel oot o' his adenoid hame,
Leave a' the rest to his phagocytosis."
  (Oh, Wullie Shakespeare, see what's in a name!)

Here awa', there awa', is there nae evil?
  Isna' the picture a bittie o'erdrawn?
Are ye clean faultless, eh? Come noo, ye deevil,
  Own to your sins, Leuc, an' dinna be thrawn!

Here awa', there awa', when galivantin'
  Are there nae causies whaur sometimes ye slip?
Hae ye nae howff whaur ye whiles gang a'-rantin',
  Whaur into mischief your pseudopods dip?

Here awa', there awa', staggerin' blin'ly,
  Twistin' an' wrigglin' an' stottin' across,
Oor Dr. Cleland has seen ye, lad, finely,
  Jist like a drucken sot doon a daurk close.

Here awa', there awa', that sets us thinkin'
  Maybe corpuscles are frail jist like men:
Ae day, nae doot, ye'll be nabbed at your jinkin'.
  Fare ye weel, frien', ye'll hae mind o' us then!

ERYTHROCYTE.

The Glasgow Undergraduate At Large

THE PLAINT OF THE PLOUGHED

There are some of us helplessly lazy,
  There are some of us lacking in brains,
There are some who have worked till they're crazy,
  With never a pass for their pains;
But whether or not we have done that,
  The end is the same for us all,
And the chances are twenty to one that
  We'll fail in the Fall.

But though bound from Charybdis to Scilla,
  For the nonce we shall dance in the Bute,
And sit out in the shade with Priscilla
  More oft than 'tis wise to compute.
We shall try to forget in the revels
  This fact, which is wormwood and gall,
That we're morally certain—poor devils—
  To fail in the Fall.

To our partners at Waltzes and Lancers
  We shall show the ink-spots on the floor,
And remark that they represent answers
  To questions set three weeks before.
(There is one in the back right-hand corner
  That will worry me all through the ball);
To Priscilla I'll show it, and warn her—
  I'll fail in the Fall.

Stan Leigh.

LINES ON MY FANCY VEST

LET me gaze on it and ponder, on this leaden Christmas Eve,
When the Great Deluded carol, "Peace on Earth"—you know the rest;
Let me muse with bygone memories, let me joy with it or grieve,
Let me—cut it short and tell you something of my Fancy Vest.

Solomon in all his glory, Joseph in his motley coat,
Et hoc genus omne, doubtless, donned their gaudy garb with zest;
But they ne'er could reach the splendours over which I fondly dote—
Nought in heaven or earth or elsewhere could surpass my Fancy Vest.

Clustering curls of raven tresses, radiant eyes and fairy face
Well, you know how they have rested—many moons since—on my breast;
You could tell some pretty stories of a twentieth last embrace,
But you wouldn't—to the rabble—speak to me, O Fancy Vest!

You perhaps remember clearly how I saw just too much sun,
And swam gaily in the briny in my unshrunk flannels drest,
You could publish that, and several other things best left undone,
But you wouldn't—not for worlds—speak to me, O Fancy Vest!

Now I toast you, O my Fetish! Here's to all your fading sheen!
Here's to all the tales you tell me! Here's to all you've not exprest!
While the "gentle reader" wonders what the dickens I can mean,
You know all—you understand me. Here's your health, O Fancy Vest!

CAURNIE.

LEST WE FORGET

OH! lay past my flannels and blazer,
And my Panama sullied and old,
And my "Walkovers," too, for their days are
Now gone like a tale that is told;
Now the harvest is past and the summer
Is ended, and bleak are the skies,
And vainly my muse seeks to thumb her
Tears out of her eyes.

Let the future take wings to the Dickens,
  For its chances are far from our ken,
And recall the proverbial chickens
  Of the much all-too-previous hen;
Leave the Present, with profitless book so
  Besaddened and darkened and grey,
For the Past with its meadows that look so
  Uncommonly gay.

When the Clerk of the Weather, in July,
  Extensively went on the beer
With the Waterworks' tap at the full, I
  Remarked that his doings were queer;
With a lively selection of scarabs
  We were camped 'neath a pitiless sky,
And we folded our tents like the Arabs,
  But scarcely as dry.

O Brothers, whose necks know the clammy
  Cold drop from the canvas on high,
You will pardon our heathenish "Damme!"
  (I said it myself—even I).
When your caravan stuck in the gutter,
  Or the mokes went o' nights for a sprint.
Did you not find occasion to utter
  Words foreign to print?

Yet, in spite of the creepers or cooking,
  Did the hours ever seem over-long?
Did you tire of the hills or the dooking?
  Did you weary of moonlight or song?

Were your times not as high as the prices
  You paid for your smokes at the store?
At the end of the month were the ices
  Less sweet than before?

And the maiden you met at the cruise was
  A lady with little to learn;
And it didn't much trouble you whose was
  The face that peeped over the stern.
How you vowed you would never forget her!
  And she swore you a similar plight—
Has she really forgotten that letter
  She promised to write?

You may have come short of the blessing,
  And fallen some furlongs from grace;
You may find—and the news is distressing—
  That you somewhat outmeasured the pace;
But now that the blast of November
  On the chimney-top whistles its tune,
It is pleasant betimes to remember
  The madness of June.

Oh! lay past my flannels and blazer,
  Put my vest neatly down in the trunk;
Hang my Panama up, for its days are
  Now gone like a drink that is drunk.
For the Summer is past and the harvest
  Is over, and Winter is ripe;
And in weather like this it is far best
  To muse o'er a pipe.

CAURNIE.

A BALLADE OF FOND DESIRE

Why is it that some men are sighing
  For leisure and riches or fame,
And toiling to earn an undying
  Though an otherwise valueless name?
  My own is a pleasanter game—
Take that for a certainty of me—
  For in life I have only one aim:
I wish I had some one to love me.

It's the song of the infant who's crying,
  It's the song of the old and the lame;
Even animals went "goo-goo-eyeing"
  Before man himself ever came.
  Why, just now, finding life rather tame,
A cat on the tiles says—"Don't shove me,
  Or I'll fall, and I'm after a flame:
I wish I had some one to love me."

And so 'twill be only denying
  The natural laws if you blame
My conduct when I'm merely trying
  For once to "establish a claim"
  In the heart of some possible dame,
And no matter how much you reprove me
  I'll sign on, without any shame,
"I wish I had some one to love me."

Envoy.

Princess, let the answer you frame
And send from the heavens above me
Amount to exactly the same:
I wish I had some one to love me.

H. P. S.

A SONG AFTER SUNSET

We have no beer; and we are very dry.
We have no beer.
Though day is past and ten o'clock is nigh,
We have no beer.
Across the west Old Sol has long since gone,
Rosy with nut-brown ale—and we've had none.

We were not always thus nor could avow
We'd had no beer.
Even as the owls we oft were screwed; but now
We have no beer.
All day we have been sober; from our slate
Previous convictions, Lord, obliterate.

So long we have been thirsty, and so long
We've had no beer.
We need a glass or two at evensong,
Sad hearts to cheer.
And with the morn we shall go rolling home
To the same tavern as we started from.

R. B.

SINCE I WAS A BOY AT SCHOOL

TIME was when all that I desired
  Seemed destined to be mine,
My morning dreams were still inspired
  By Fancy's sparkling wine.
My chums were light of heart and head,
  And confident and cool—
But some are dead and some are wed
  Since I was a boy at school.

Some only care to buy and sell,
  Some write in prose or rhyme;
Mac Shaughnessy is doing well,
  And Blair is doing time.
And Hart, who always loved his jest,
  Is buried at Hartlepool;
Our first and best have been laid to rest,
  Since I was a boy at school.

O'Connor now plays tragic parts,
  Who used to play the bones;
And Lionel is breaking hearts,
  And Crewe is breaking stones.
And Tristram works at his new romance,
  And Clark at his office stool;
We've had to dance at the heels of chance
  Since I was a boy at school.

Green wished to be a sailor free,
  And chose a self-willed mate,
Who will not let him scour the sea,
  But makes him scour the grate.
MacLellan lives by the sails of Clyde,
  And Jones by the sale of wool;
We have drifted wide on a chartless tide,
  Since I was a boy at school.

R. B.

RONDEAU REDOUBLE

"No," she said—"trust to luck."
—*The Wheels of Fortune.*

Goddess of Chance, my hope is all in thee;
  Thou art the only mistress I obey.
Be thou but kind, this world is Arcadie,
  But if thou frownest all the skies are grey.

Once, long ago, I owned another sway,
  And to my mistress sang in ecstasy—
"Why should I ever fear the fickle, stray
  Goddess of Chance?—my hope is all in *thee.*

"Though some believe that they are never free
  From her caprice, I am not such as they;
Her fatal ordeals matter not to me—
  Thou art the only mistress I obey.

"Let her be kind or cruel as she may,
I care not for her impotent decree,
And all the afflictions that her plagues convey—
Be thou but kind, this world is Arcadie.

"Grant me one thimbleful of joy, and she
May harass all in vain my night and day;
I'll still rejoice, whate'er *her* torments be,
But if *thou* frownest all the skies are grey."

Such was my song, but now my only plea
Is for thy help to guide me on my way;
And if thou lookest kindly on us, we
Will wish thee luck in all thou dost essay,
Goddess of Chance!

H. P. S.

CHURCH HISTORY

I've wandered East, I've wandered West,
Along the world's broad rim I've run,
And viewed the biggest and the best
Of all the towns beneath the sun;
I've travelled far in every clime,
In cities great and cities mean,
But, ah! up to the present time
I've never got to Aberdeen.

Oh, Aberdeen is rich and rare,
And smiled upon by all the Fates;
There's wisdom in the streets of her,
And holiness within her gates;

She is the shrine of psalms and saws,
  Of sparkling rays of truth serene;
I feel an arrant fool because
  I've never got to Aberdeen.

There's not a saint or sage of old,
  From Abraham and David down,
But must have been, *from what we're told,*
  Connected with the Granite Town.
There's not a Bible incident
  But in that city has its scene;
And so I'll never rest content
  Until I've got to Aberdeen.

I own I never would have guessed
  The place was such a perfect gem,
Or that my native land possessed
  A rival to Jerusalem;
Indeed, I more than half surmise
  That, though the greenest of the green,
I'll get a thumping big surprise
  When once I've got to Aberdeen.

T. L. D.

TWO TONE PIECES

I.—(Adagio—Slow and Deliberate)

I.

The pendulum
Doth go and come
With measured swing,
Nor heeds the ring
Of hollow bell
Whose note doth tell
(From tower hurled
Down to the world)
How Time doth go
    Adagio
Paced by the dumb
Grave pendulum.

II.

The fog-bound cars with caution creep,
  The morning trains thro' tunnels crawl;
Green-misted figures fearful keep
  A careful journey next the wall.

The lark doth but deliberate sing,
  And, waking with a keen regret
The early bird on tardy wing
  Seeks out a wormy silhouette.

In class-rooms ere the sun can bore
  A laboured passage thro' the steam
Professors, staid with classic lore,
  Have drawled their lecture from their dream.

Then some who found the door fast closed,
  Curse railways with a ready flow,
And sleepy-eyed and vermeil-nosed
  Pace round the quad adagio.

III.

The Union snug
Doth the chronic hug
Within its walls
Despite roll-calls;
Where he at ease,
While freshers freeze,
Deliberates
On kindlier Fates,
And to a bun
(Or more than one)
With cheerful mates
Assimilates
Coffee in slow
    Adagio.

MERWING.

II.—(Pianissimo—Very Soft)

I.

Soft breaks the dawn
  Across the gloom of night,
And midnight's spawn
  Before the delicate light
Steal to some dim unvoyageable lair,
Thro' the enlucent vapour of the quiet air.

My love still dreams
  While morning gilds the eaves,
And fall soft beams
  On her white breast that heaves
With mildest breathings, husht halations, calm
As the ethereal rapture of a zephyr psalm.

II.

The morning air
  Is rich with fish perfume,
The cat is there—
  "That's herring, I presume,"
Whispers the tabby quietly to herself,
And softly stalks forthwith the plate upon the shelf.

Your breakfast, sir?
  Beg pardon, but the cat—
I scarce can stir—
  An egg? Of course I've that.
You want it boiled? Well, well, you'll have it so;
To suit your taste, I'll make it *pianissimo*.

MERWING.

MY NATIVE LAND

A PATRIOTIC LAY

MY native land! which oft with heart afire,
  In patriotic zeal *mine own* I call,
It damps my ardour that I must admire
  From this side of a somewhat lofty wall.

Yon lordly height I might ascend, and there
  Survey the scene as from God's hand it came—
'Tis rented by a Yankee millionaire,
  I must not trespass or disturb the game.

Beside this gentle stream then let me stray,
  And from the city's din find welcome peace—
A careful landlord, though, has blocked the way,
  Untrodden lies the walk, for he's at Nice.

Our fathers fought, so runs the glorious tale,
  To save you, country mine, from tyrants rash,
And now their bones and you are up for sale,
  The smartest bidder buys for ready cash.

The *Noo York Herald's* columns held of late
  Advertisements of islands offered whole,
And in your bowels, dear land, a syndicate
  Of German Jews are burrowing for coal.

What comfort to be privileged to give
  My body's labour, so I may command
The wondrous right to be allowed to live
  On you, my own (*i.e.*, Lord Blythswood's) land!

And when a naughty foe insults the King,
  And foreign landlords want Lord Blythswood's
    earth,
My good Lee-Enfield manfully I'll sling,
  And forth to battle for *his* home and hearth.

And having fought and bled, when I return,
  And bread is scarce and rent is overdue,
From Sheriff-officers I quickly learn,
  Dear native land, the share I have in you.

But discontented soul, why fume and fret?
  Keep but thy life insurance well in hand,
And (Land-) Lord willing, you at last shall get
  Six feet by two—your own *dear* native land.

J. R. C.

MODERN POETRY

(With acknowledgments to the "English Review")

Reverie.

I wonder—I struggle with my thoughts!
Will I or my thoughts get the uppermost, I wonder?
I wonder.
As the day struggles with night, as night with day,
So I strive and yearn to get my thoughts down
On this white paper with this pen,
No quill of goose, but stylo vulcanite;
Far-reaching thoughts of much note
Struggle to be expressed.

This is the next verse, and yet no thoughts
Come from the dewy caves of my mind
To the fresh light of day.
Strange and surprisingly violent
Are my sentiments on this occasion.

Mary.

The jacinth and the asphodel,
They bloom around the lawns of Hell.

And often in the summer-time
Our copper-beech I swiftly climb,

And gape along the long white roads
And see the carters with their loads,

And sing cantatas, madrigals
And pastorales with dying falls,

The while my pericardium
With tense and gnawing pain is dumb.

Ah! God! for night to close at last
The dreary peep-shows of the past!

No Particular Title.

I have seen a grey quiet land in winter
  Calm in sleep, not death,
Unruffled by a murmur, or a whisper,
  Or a breath.

And for me, I raped the silence of a token
  Ere the cottage lamp lit;
And till now, inside my heart, I kept it hidden—
  This is it!

To a Child.

Ah! blue-eyed one, or boy or girl,
  Too quickly will thy sutures close!
I notice that your fingers curl,
  And you have got prehensile toes.
Why do we love thee? Ah, who knows?

Romance.

The sun flashes on greaves, cuirasses, and gauntlets,
The bloated glamour of shields,
The jingling glory of tasses and back plates,
And lunettes and chasses-à-pied.

The *Flagrante Delicto* comes ringing out of the chapel-
  of-ease,
And the priest comes swaying the gilded chasuble,
Brave in dalmatics and albs and janissaries,
To the scent of myrrh and hyssop and frankincense.

And a damsel in vair and gris and other
Habiliments proper to the time—
Excuse me, Mr. Hueffer has stolen my dictionary,
Otherwise this would have been a better
And pleasingly less comprehensible poem.

The Squid.

RATIONAL

Shall I weave a woeful ballad
  On the sorrows of the years,
Dish you up a sighing salad,
  All alack-a-days and tears?

Shall I sing of Love the riever,
  Of the plunder he can bring?
No; for (*a*) I'm not a weaver;
  (*b*) I don't dish up or sing.

Shall I wrestle with the pressing
  Problems that afflict the great,
With the evils now distressing
  Every friend of Church and State?
Shall I smite the wrongs that nestle
  Closer to us than the right?
No; for (*a*) I cannot wrestle;
  (*b*) I've no desire to smite.

Shall I chant the thousand graces
  Of my lady Mary Jane,
All the charm that in her face is,
  And her heart as right as rain?
Shall I use the space I've got in
  Painting you her lips select?
No; for (*a*) my chanting's rotten;
  (*b*) She'd probably object.

Shall I speak to all the nations
  Of our small professor's great
Expiscated perorations,
  And their aim excogitate?
Shall it be the Royal panto.,
  And the dreams it has inspired?
No; for (*a*) I'm not the man to;
  (*b*) My praise is not required.

Shall I hymn the festive season
  Known to fame as bright and glad,
When it's positively treason
  To be otherwise than mad?
Shall it be the tightened turkey,
  Or the usual brew and bun?
No; for (*a*) the weather's murky;
  (*b*) Exams. are just begun.

Is it not extremely foolish
  Padding out such lines as these,
Making efforts worse than mulish
  Blasé undergrads. to please?
Should I not have sooner led up
  To the finish of the game?
Yes; for (*a*) I'm awf'ly fed up;
  (*b*) No doubt, you're much the same.

T. L. D.

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